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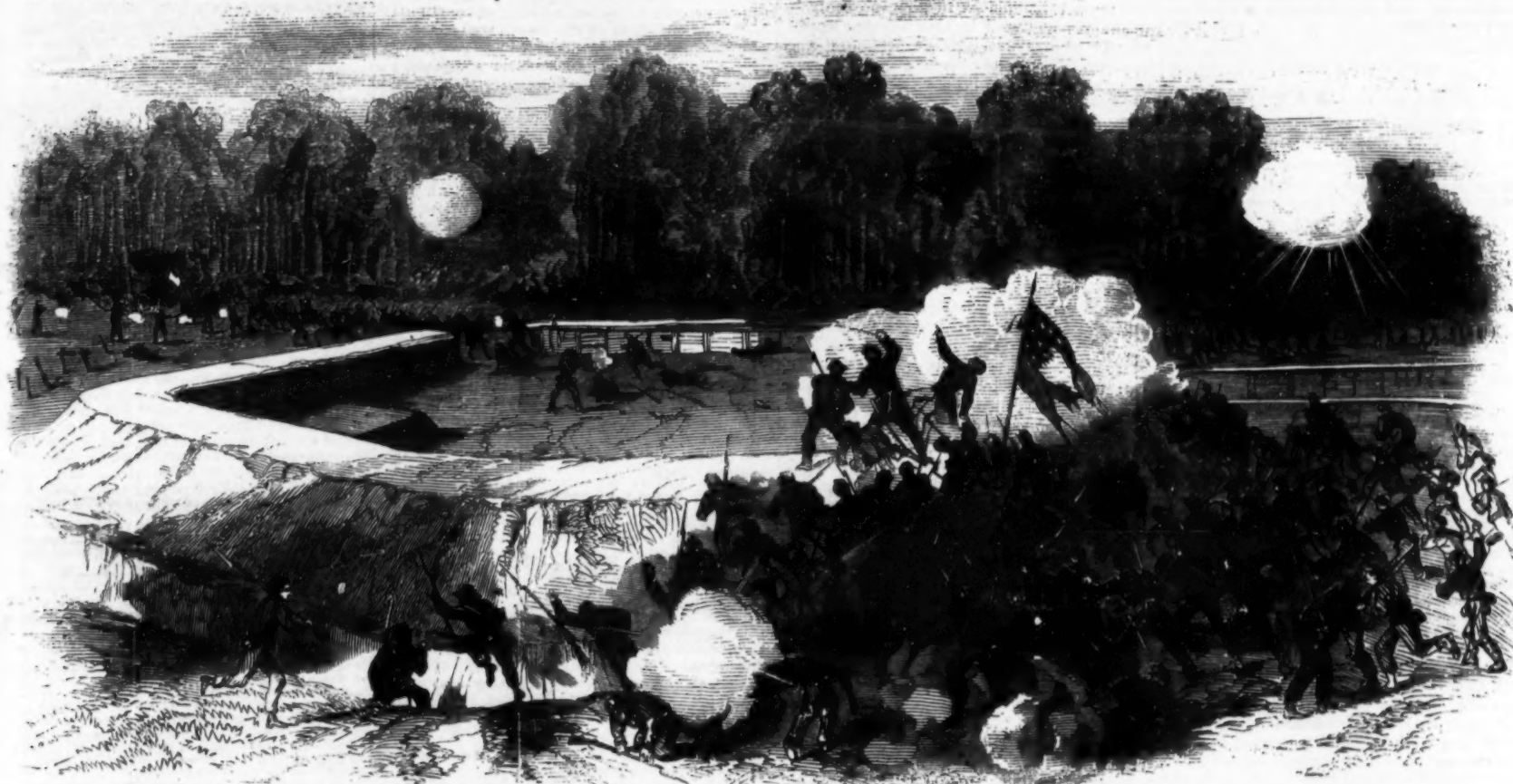
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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GRANT'S MOVEMENTS SOUTH OF THE JAMES—BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH—GALLANT CHARGE OF A PART OF THE 6TH CORPS ON THE REBEL FORT, SEPT. 30.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER



GRANT'S MOVEMENTS SOUTH OF THE JAMES—THE NINTH CORPS PASSING POPLAR SPRING CHURCH AND REBEL PRISONERS COMING IN, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 30.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



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FRANK LESLIE'S

**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

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**Jeff Davis.**

"What, though the field be lost? All is not lost." *Paradise Lost.*

A WAIL of despair comes up from the heart of Georgia. It is the voice of a drowning man among the breakers. It is the cry of the master-spirit of the rebellion, flying from one danger to another, and calling in vain for a rescue.

We refer to the remarkable speech of Jeff Davis, delivered to the citizens of Macon, Georgia, on the 23d of September last, and as reported, doubtless by authority, in the *Macon Telegraph and Confederate* of the 24th. As an exposition of the desperate extremities of his "Confederacy," we do not wonder that it has shocked the sensibilities of the leading Southern rebel journals; as an appeal for help it evidently comes from "the last ditch," as it is a review of the prospect before him—that of a man reduced to bankruptcy.

He leaves the imperilled city of Richmond to arouse and encourage, by his presence, and to strengthen, if possible, the hands of his imperilled lieutenant in Georgia. And what is the burden of his appeal? Desertions from his armies on every side. He tells the people of Macon that sooner or later Sherman will be compelled to retreat; that "when that day comes, our cavalry and our people will harass and destroy his army as did the Cossacks that of Napoleon." But then comes the inquiry—"How can this be the most speedily effected?" Davis answers—"By the absence of Hood's army returning to their posts." Here is the weak point, the fatal confession—"the absence of Hood's army." Alas! thousands of them can never be recalled; but there are other thousands who will hear this despairing cry and will not come. They have had enough of

a contest which promises them nothing but death or exile to themselves and ruin to their families, and they have abandoned their master's hopeless cause. Of the extent of these defections he makes the remarkable disclosure that "it is not proper for me to speak of the numbers of men (rebel soldiers) in the field, but this I will say, that two-thirds of our men are absent, some sick, some wounded, but most of them absent without leave." The most of two-thirds of his soldiers, stragglers or deserters "absent without leave," are not to be found. Does not this testimony abundantly confirm all that we hear from the camps of Grant and Sherman of the demoralization of the rebel armies, and of the daily increasing desertions from them? Southern bayonets are beginning to think, for the truth is beginning to reach them.

What is the remedy proposed? Davis visits Georgia to try by moral suasion to reclaim these absentees, "but," he continues, "if, after conferring with our Generals at headquarters, if there be any other remedy, it shall be applied." This means that Hood's soldiers still remaining on duty are to be somewhat extensively employed in scouring the woods, swamps and mountains for their absconding brothers. Was there ever a more ghastly mockery than this of men "fighting for their rights?" But these demoralized absentees must be hunted up, for, says Davis, "you have not many men between 18 and 45 left." His reserves are exhausted. His wasted armies can now be recruited only from his legions of disaffected runaways. A dismal picture indeed; and in his efforts somewhat to lighten it, the bewildered Moloch of the rebellion only darkens it into a deeper shadow of gloom.

He tells the people of Macon, after promising the expulsion of Sherman back into Tennessee, cut down to a "mere body-guard," that "the city of Macon is filled with stores, sick and wounded," and that "it must not be abandoned when threatened; but when the enemy comes, instead of calling upon Hood's army for defence, the old men must fight," showing that even Macon is not considered safe against the Yankees. Again, says Davis: "I have been asked to send reinforcements from Virginia to Georgia;" but "in Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia." In other words, it is here pleaded by Davis, in his own defence, that while Hood's army and Lee's army are both urgently in need of reinforcements, each is too weak and sorely pressed to render any assistance to the other. Thus from the mouth of the rebel autocrat himself comes the reluctant but most conclusive proof of the mastery and irresistible military combinations of Gen. Grant.

The quotations we have given from this extraordinary confession of Davis at Macon, of his forlorn condition, are sufficient, we think, to satisfy the intelligent reader that the days of the "Cotton Confederacy" are numbered. We cannot, however, dismiss our melancholy witness without touching upon his testimony in reference to the dismissal of Gen. Joe Johnston, and the appointment of Hood for the defence of Atlanta. Davis says: "I know the deep disgrace felt by Georgia at our army falling back from Dalton to the interior of the State. But I was not of those who considered Atlanta lost when our army crossed the Ochatahoochee. I resolved that it should not be, and I then put a man in command who I knew would strike a manly blow for the city, and many a Yankee's blood was made to nourish the soil before the prize was won." This evidence from his own mouth is exceedingly damaging to Davis. He goes out of his way to cast disgrace upon Joe Johnston, a General who has no superior in the rebel service, except Lee. "A manly blow!" What were the results? A loss of 25,000 men to Hood, killed, wounded, prisoners and deserters to our lines, the loss of Atlanta, with locomotives, trains of ammunition, and depots of supplies, amounting in value to millions of dollars, all or most of which, men and materials of war, Johnston would have saved by a timely evacuation, for he knew the strength of his adversary. He knew, too, what Davis, it appears, had not the sagacity to comprehend, that Sherman's game was not so much the capture of Atlanta as the destruction of Hood's army, which was very nearly accomplished, through the folly of Davis in his removal of Johnston.

"Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad," and this fatal madness has surely fallen upon the remorseless despot of the South. In his rage, confusion and dismay, he permits his personal resentments to override the dictates of prudence. He thus widens the dimensions in his own camps, instead of seeking to heal them. He is a hard master, and Gen. Joe Johnston, among his officers, is but one of thousands who must now be wearied of his thankless service. There yet, however, may be something of charity to his people in preparing them for the worst. This may be the redeeming object of his Macon speech. We cannot divine what other motive could induce him to betray his weak and vulnerable points, his doubts, his plans and his purposes, his dis-

appointments and despondency, so far as to convince even his admirers that he is in the condition of a prodigal who has wasted his inheritance, and of a ruler whose cause is lost.

**Summary of the Week.**

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—NORTH OF THE JAMES.

On the 1st Oct. Gen. Birney (10th corps) sent out a reconnoitring force consisting of two brigades of infantry, a brigade of cavalry and a section of horse artillery, which penetrated within two miles of Richmond. The rebels retreated to their strong inner lines, which are manned by militia and raw recruits.

The rebels were about to make a flank attack on the 10th corps, but retired on Birney's advance.

On Sunday, the 2d, they, however, made a furious attack on the 10th corps pickets, but were driven back, with loss.

Gen. Birney has made his position so strong that the rebels seem to give up all hope of carrying it.

Deserters come in daily.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock on Friday morning, Field's division of the rebels, after marching all night on the York river turnpike, fell on Kautz's cavalry division on the Central road, where it was protecting the flank of the 10th corps. Kautz held them at bay two hours, but at last gave way in disorder before the superior forces of infantry and cavalry, leaving 8 cannon on the field. At the same time the rebel Hooker's division advancing down the Central road took him in flank. Col. Sumner, after the stampede of Kautz's force, kept the enemy at bay, till Birney, rising from a sick bed, formed his line.

At ten o'clock the rebels attacked his line, hoping to pass our right and assail our rear. For half an hour they rushed repeatedly on Birney's work, but at last gave way in confusion, leaving Gen. Gregg and over 1,000 dead and wounded.

Birney then pushed on, and his infantry reoccupied the works held in the morning by Kautz's cavalry. The guns were not, however, retaken.

Lee himself was on the field directing the movement.

In Richmond the panic increases, and it is now proposed to free and arm the slaves, as though they could be depended on to fight in order to perpetuate the bondage of their brethren. The negro in the army of the United States feels that every blow he strikes is one for the liberation of the Southern slaves.

SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

On the 1st our lines were advanced three quarters of a mile. A reconnoissance was made by a division of the 2d corps to the Boynton road, where strong works were found.

On Sunday our cavalry recaptured 500 prisoners.

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Sheridan's cavalry penetrated to Staunton and Waynesboro', destroying the iron bridge at the latter place, throwing it into South river, also the bridge over Christians creek and the railroad from Staunton to Waynesboro'.

The rebel cavalry, however, made a dash into Ebsenburg, between Woodstock and Mount Jackson, and burned the bridge there.

A report comes that Sheridan has defeated Longstreet, Early's successor, but we have no details.

GEORGIA—ALABAMA—TENNESSEE.

On the 8th a severe fight took place at Allatoona, in which the loss was very heavy, but after several hours fighting the rebels retreated to Dallas, leaving 1,000 of their number dead and wounded on the field.

Hood has thrown his whole army north of the Chattahoochee in Sherman's rear, and has entrenched himself strongly. His troops, according to the rebel papers, have recovered their spirits and discipline.

On the 4th they took Big Shanty, and began to destroy the railroad, but on the 6th Gen. French attacked them, and after a severe engagement drove them out. They, too, left their dead and wounded.

The rebels hoped much from Forrest's movements, but he is closely invested. Major-Gen. Thomas is moving on him from Louisville; Rousseau, on his front, from Nashville; the gunboats on the Tennessee cover his front; Stedman and Newton are on his rear; Morgan has already captured his transportation, and if he escapes at all, it will be with no power or mischief.

The desperate state of affairs in the Southern part of the Confederacy cannot be exaggerated if we credit Jeff Davis, who says two-thirds of the army are absent without leave.

To restore confidence, Beauregard has been put in command of the department of Georgia and Tennessee, and the department of Alabama, Mississippi and E. Louisiana, thus controlling Hood and Dick Taylor.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Gen. Burbridge, with 2,500 men, recently made a dash into Southwestern Virginia, and captured prisoners and stores at Saltville, but finding a large force under Brookinridge and Echols in the vicinity retired.

TENNESSEE.

Gen. Gillem defeated the rebel Gen. Vaughan at Carter's station, Greene county, driving him out of an entrenched position.

Vaughan retreated to Zollicoffer.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebels are expecting an attack on Wilmington.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Further exchanges of officers have taken place at Charleston, and the rebels have permitted stores sent by the Sanitary Commission to the Union prisoners formerly at "error" to enter the lines.

LOUISIANA.

The rebels admit the defeat of the rebel Col. Scott and the occupation of Clinton by the Union troops.

MISSOURI.

Missouri is in a frightful state. Gen. Ewing, after a gallant defence at Pilot Knob, made good his retreat. The rebels then plundered the town. At Potosi Major Walker and many of his troops were murdered in cold blood after surrender. The whole path of the rebel forces, regular and guerilla, is marked by blood and devastation.

Price is moving on Jefferson city, pursued by Mower and A. J. Smith. His course, like that of all others, is marked by desolation. But they seem to seize men with avidity to force them into the ranks.

**TOWN GOSSIP.**

We have just left a friend in the street who has entertained us for the last 15 minutes with a lugubrious essay upon the uncertainty of all things human, based upon the fact that he had a month or two since laid in his family coal at the rate of \$14 a ton, and that since it has fallen to the ridiculously low price of \$10. When we last saw him, a day or two after the laying in, he was joyfully congratulating himself on his foresight in providing himself with his winter's fuel at—as he declared—one half what it would be about Christmas. "It's these confounded greenbacks, don't you see, my boy? Very soon they won't be worth ten per cent. of their face." Since that time gold has fallen 33 per cent. and everything has come down by the run, and as a consequence our friend, who had not sufficient faith in his native land to endorse its currency, is out and injured to the extent of four dollars per ton on his winter's coal, all for a want of loyalty and general belief, not especially in the present Government, but in the absolute stability of the country.

Pursuing this subject, it seems strange to us that in the midst of a terrible civil war we actually see nothing of it about us, here, in this city, but the financial face. We see men recruited for our armies; by whom? Why, by brokers and runners, who make from 10 to 100 per cent. upon the transaction that enables them to put an able-bodied man in the service of the country. We see the man after he is enlisted and uneasy in the possession of his large bounty made a subject for every imposition and overcharge that can possibly squeeze a penny from him. We see chaffering and dicker for substitutes and volunteers; supervisors and town agents bargaining to have their quotas filled and their town bonds cashed the same as they would bargain for a team of horses or a herd of cattle. We see contractors grinding down labor to the lowest standard that they may clear cent. per cent. on their engagements, and then crying aloud in the highways that they were ruined from the advance of material and work. In a few words, though the nation is doing its work and fighting on the greatest struggle the world has ever seen, still it cannot avoid giving way to the bargaining, dicker and habit of its youth, and turning things of even the most solemn import into a matter of trade.

As connected with this, our prediction of last week that the fall in gold would not seriously affect the prices of life commodities is verified. A few large storekeepers have made an ineffectual struggle to somewhat bring down their profits, but the effort was too much for human nature, and was abandoned. Gold has recuperated, though with a terrible series of fluctuations, marking, at the close of the week, from 198 to 200. The speculators, hoping against hope, are still hopeful; and the shopkeepers, encouraged by their antics, hold a hard death grip on their fast receding profits, yet prating mournfully on the fall of value.

The next month will be one in which nothing will be heard, known, felt, seen or tasted but politics. A subject on which, perhaps, not one-tenth of the people are properly posted, will for that time agitate them to the very heart. The country will, in that 30 days, undergo a great revolution, and either confirm its present rule or throw off an entire party to accept another. During that time a contest will be decided that will seal the destinies of a great nation, and decide the life or death of perhaps a million of people.

During this struggle every eye is turned to the centre sun, while the lesser lights gyrate fearfully without attracting the slightest attention. Taking advantage of this, the small-potato tribe rush once more into the periodical turns of bargain and sale, quarrel and fight, and, finally, make division of the spoils, while that stupid donkey, the public, stands by with an astinine bray of applause. There are various fat offices to be distributed, such as Sheriff, County Clerk, Supervisors, and others, worth only from \$20,000 to \$60,000 per annum, and the question to be settled is not whether the candidate is honest and capable, but what has he done for his party, how many friends has he got, and how much of that princely income will he disgorge for party purposes, and who will he call in to assist him in pocketing the public plunder! This is the history of politics in New York, and now voters have nothing to do but pick one or the other of the nominees, confident in the belief that they cannot fail to hit upon a thorough politician, and, as a sequence, a thorough—ly honest man, and vote for him.

The thing that we have foreseen, and spoken of several times in the past, has come to pass, a combination of employers against employees. In the present case it is one that appeals to every man in the community, being nothing less than a resistance to the combinations of the tailors. These very necessary artisans have been for a year or two in a fierce ferment, consequent upon continual strikes. They have demanded and their demands have been acceded to readily, until at last they have fallen to killing the golden goose. The employing tailors have rebelled, and declared it an utter impossibility to proceed with their business under the circumstances. They claim that their customers are falling rapidly away under the pressure of \$100 suits and overcoats (a claim that we do not believe in, for the simple reason that men never before dressed as well as now or wore more of it), and that workmen's labor instead of rising, should now come down, with (as they assert) the universal downfall of all commodities. Under this claim they have combined, and stoutly refuse to employ any striker, nor yet any member of "The Tailors' Union." Therefore, let it be understood that any person wanting new clothes, must wait until quarrel be settled (and it is a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands, and not in the slightest degree in a likely way of settlement) before he orders them. Greenbacks in the case will be of no consequence, it is a point of honor, the point of the needle, and must be left to the settlement of time. We believe all such things are brought about just now by a temporary mania of the people. They are waiting; the whole nation is in a transition state. They are looking to what the next few weeks will bring forth, and do not feel inclined even to push business, let alone think of overcoats and new suits. Let the employing tailors wait until the first cold snap, and it is very closely on us now, and they will soon be convinced that the people are alive and not to be frightened even at \$100 for an overcoat.

Among the wholesale dealers this striking for higher wages is of little consequence, just now, as there is literally nothing doing. Those employed on Government work are plodding along, but all else waiting. In the meantime there are many who cannot wait, but must go, if not one way, the other, by backing down. The last week has brought forth some heavy failures, and several instances such as we knew in the



panic of 1857, the sudden changing of wholesale houses into retail, and the attempt to force great quantities of goods, principally old stock, on a public that is not inclined to buy.

One of the most interesting exhibitions to visit that New York produces is the meeting of Police Commissioners at the Headquarters in Mulberry street, where our law enforcers, the police, are brought to trial and tribulation for law breaking. We have taken some interest in the matter for a few weeks past, and our conclusion is that it would be hard to take the same number of men from the average number of our citizens and find that they could be charged with a like number of offences. It may be that citizens do not have the same temptation to commit assault, accept bribes, pick up unconsidered trifles and neglect their duty, as the members of police, but if they do it speaks terribly ill of the general morality of the force. The proceedings of the last week have developed assumptions of petty power that should condemn some of these gentlemen to the working of Mr. Seward's little bell, and shown a mutual spy system at work in their midst that makes it a most desirable thing for a respectable man to be a policeman.

Now, then, for something about the salt of our lines—music and the drama.

Mareček has had full swing the past week, and unless he is insatiable must be more than satisfied with his success. To this time the promise of new opera, for which all New York is waiting, as it is waiting for sundry other things, has not been fulfilled, but we have had the new company, and as far as our hearing goes, there is no dissatisfaction. In saying this we do not speak of the "opinions of the press," but those of the people. To speak first of the *prima donna*, for the company is a double one. Signorina Caracci Zucchi, who made her debut on the first night, is a grand personal presentation of the fragile muse. She is of tall, fine figure, and imposing, strong and refined features, with rich, dark, fiery eyes. Her voice, which she manages with artistic skill, is powerful and smooth, and her youth throws an inexpressible charm over all she does. On the stage she is self-possessed and gorgeous, and summed up will make a mark on the operatic history of New York that will not easily be forgotten.

Brambilla is almost the reverse, and somewhat on the fairy order. She is pretty both in figure and face, and runs into the style that New York is fond of making pets of. Her voice is sweet, good in the upper, but unduly in the lower. She sang in "Trevia" with the new tenor, robusto, Massimiliani, who was so exceedingly robust as to completely overshadow the little Brambilla.

There is a story going the rounds that our opera season will be cut short, or not repeated, from the fact that Mareček has yielded to the golden seductions of the stockholders of the Tacon, and will pass, presto! into Cuba somewhere about the conclusion of the eighteenth night. It seems strange that New York and Brooklyn, combined, cannot bring about a permanency of opera, with all the wealth, taste and fashion in their midst apparently willing to patronize it.

One of the principal features of the week has been "Martin Chuzzlewit," at the Olympic. The piece has been cut and redressed from the commencement, until now it is in capital working condition, and as a skilful putting upon the stage is worthy the attention of every manager in the land.

Another feature is the production, at the Winter Garden, of "The Comedy of Errors," with Clarke as one of the Dromios, a Mr. Fawcett, of Philadelphia, doing the other. Not to speak of the improbabilities of the play—which we do not believe was ever written by Shakespeare, and possibly never seen by him—it is unfit for the stage, simply because the outrage offered to common sense is not compensated for by the fun. Mr. Clarke was capital (he can harp on anything else), but to our mind was kept in continual check by the weakness of his opposite. The play has been a great success and is still on.

As good news to the little folks, we announce that the Hippodrome opened during the week with a strong company of tragic and comic horses, clowns and gymnasts; and as bad news, that this week closes the little Theatre at the Museum, and is the last chance to see the General and his wife, prior to their final retirement to domestic felicity.

## MUSICAL.

A PRIVATE concert was given last week at the residence of Mrs. Hilliard, on Staten Island, under the superintendence of Ardavan, which passed off in the happiest manner, and despite the unfavorable state of the weather was very fully and fashionably attended. Ardavan, who is a baritone of the true old school, gave the music of Rossini with great power and delicacy, and was much applauded. Madame D'Angri sang the Rondo from the "Cenerentola" splendidly. Mozart's exquisite "Vedrai Carino" was sung by Mrs. Hilliard very charmingly, and won considerable favor. Maccaferri, Weinlich and Miss Allan also contributed their full share to the enjoyment of the evening. Goldbeck played a very fine arrangement of the favorite air from "Faust," with considerable spirit. Altogether it is very seldom that a private concert passes off so satisfactorily as the one we are recording. We ought to mention that Mrs. Hilliard is an amateur, which renders her excellent vocalization the more remarkable.

## NEW MUSIC.

**TOM THUMB PRESENTATION POLKA.** Rochester: G. H. Ellis.

This is a very pleasant piece of music published by that most enterprising of men, G. H. Ellis, of Rochester. The title-page is very handsome, being graced with the splendid sketch of the ceremony at Ellis's store, taken from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

**WELLS'S CHURCH MUSIC.** By CHARLES WELLS, Organist of Christ Church, New York.

This is an entirely new collection of sentences, chants, hymn tunes and anthems, designed for the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is intended principally for quartets and skilled voices, but will be found a very pleasant companion in the social circle, and to the young organist we can recommend no better book for study and practice.

The selections embrace arrangements from the gems of ancient and modern masters; and the whole work is remarkable for its freshness and beauty. The book cannot fail of giving great satisfaction wherever it becomes known.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION.** October, 1864.

This monthly visitor comes in all its attractiveness, dazzling the ladies by the brilliant colored fashion-plate and its almost countless variety of illustrations of dresses for all occasions, bonnets, shoes, jackets, paletots, corsets, and more. A full-size cut pattern for a lady's overcoat is also given.

The description of these is not all that the "Gazette" gives. Its pages are a full record of fashionable dress changes at home and abroad, and give our lady friends all that they can desire to dress well and understandingly.

The literary department of the "Magazine" is very attractive. "The Story of the Stone Eyes," "The Rector's Will," "Our Bet," "An Hour in Janet Rye's Life," all illustrated by artists whose reputation is world-wide, give a most delicious reading. The minor articles are no less interesting, and the illustrations all most attractive.

There is a dull ring about a bad piece of coin, as there is about the moon in hazy weather.

CHARITY may gush forth from the hardest heart, like silver water from the rock.

## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—Secretary Fessenden has issued proposals for 40,000,000 of 5-20 bonds, 6 per cent interest, payable half-yearly in gold.

—On Friday, Oct. 7, a solemn funeral service was held in Trinity Church, New York, for James M. Hopkins, one of the choir of that church. He was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own gun, Oct. 1, while shooting at Newport, R. I. He was a youth of remarkable beauty of mind and body, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was in his 16th year.

—The iron men of Troy made a further reduction of \$10 per ton on the 1st of Oct.; this makes \$30 a ton from the highest rate.

—The yellow fever in Newberne is abating, and is of so mild a character now that it readily yields to medical treatment.

—The military order forbidding the sale of firearms in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan has been rescinded.

—The prizefight between Harris and Martin, of New York, came off on the 6th Oct. in Pennsylvania. Harris was badly beaten after a fight of 45 minutes.

—The Firemen's Benevolent Association of Chicago has just erected, at a cost of \$10,000, a very handsome monument in commemoration of the Lake street calamity of 1857, when 30 persons lost their lives by a conflagration which destroyed an immense amount of property. The monument consists of a column 32 feet high, of Italian marble, and surmounted by a life-sized figure of a fireman in uniform. The marble was captured by a blockading vessel, having been intended for the State House in Columbus, S. C.

—Gen. Hooker was honored with two or three serenades while at Columbus, Ohio, but being very busy, only made the following response: "Gentlemen, I have only time to say to you and to those who are gathered here to-night, that I am extremely busy in preparing to leave the city, to be absent a short time. I have not time to talk, if I wanted to, but I do not want to. I only desire to say I am extremely sensitive to the kindness shown me since I have been here. There is no one more sensitive to it than I am. I came here a stranger and found myself among friends. I shall return here as soon and as often as I can. I can say no more to-night, for I am very busy."

—As a proof that the price of gold is regulated almost entirely by the success of our armies, it went up 6 per cent. on the 6th of Oct., merely because there was no news from the army.

—At the regular meeting of the Chamber of Commerce a report was adopted transmitting a letter of eulogy to Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, and recommending that \$25,000 be appropriated for a testimonial to him and his fellow-officers.

—Miss Nancy Rhodes, of Bremen, Maine, has had six sons in the army. Four have been killed in battle, one wounded and made a cripple for life, and the sixth now doing service in the field. One of the sons was wounded in the early stage of the war, and discharged, but got well and enlisted again.

**Personal.**—Father James Hennesey, pastor of St. Patrick's Chapel, Detroit, having been drafted on the last call, his numerous friends gathered around him, and offered to provide him with a substitute, but he refused, saying nobly, "No man shall run any risk for me. I am called upon by my country, and I mean to go." Several of his congregation urgently requested to go in his place, but he refused. Father Hennesey's example is a noble one.

—Judge Kelley and Gen. Naglee are having a very angry and pointed correspondence in the newspapers, on the Chickahominy campaign.

—Charles G. Halpine, known as Miles O'Reilly, and formerly of Gen. Hunter's staff, has just been admitted to the bar.

—Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb sail for England on the 20th Oct., to make the grand tour of Europe.

—Gottschalk is now in this city. He is about to make another visit to Mexico and Cuba.

—Rev. Dr. Stone, of Boston, has accepted a call from San Francisco.

—Gen. Philip H. Sheridan was born in Ferry Co., Ohio, in 1834.

—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha is shortly expected in Paris to superintend the rehearsal of an opera of which he is the composer, called "Cassida." The Duke is very anxious to see his works applauded at Paris.

—Major-Gen. Dix, who, accompanied by Col. Ludlow, of his staff, has been on a visit to Detroit and other Western cities, on important business connected with the late piratical raids made on Lake Erie, has returned to this city. It is understood that the most thorough and searching investigation has been made in this matter, with a view to prompt action.

—Mrs. Gen. Lander, formerly Miss Davenport, has resolved to return to the stage.

**Military.**—The following is the record of a youthful hero: John Fletcher, of Lafayette, Ind., private in Co. C, 68th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1851, and enlisted at Washington in the 4th U. S. cavalry in 1861, at the age of nine years, and sent to the field during Buell's and Bragg's campaign in Kentucky. He served in the 4th regular cavalry in that campaign, and was twice wounded, once in the leg at the engagement at Richmond, Ky., and again in the thigh at Perryville. He was discharged from the 4th cavalry on account of his wounds, and re-enlisted in the 68th Indiana Infantry Volunteers in February, 1864. Besides serving in the campaign in Kentucky, under Buell, he was at the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, and at Resaca and Kenesaw Mountain, and is now in Sherman's army at Atlanta. This 12 year old veteran is smart, active and brave—a good soldier, in short. "Long may he wave."

**Naval.**—The new ironclad Monadnock has returned to Boston from a very successful trial trip, her performance being considered satisfactory in every particular. She was propelled at the rate of ten knots an hour, with all her stores on board.

—The new Japanese frigate, built here for the Tycoon, called the Fusesuma, made a trial trip on the 6th. She is the first of the war vessels to be built here for the Japanese Government, under the superintendence of Capt. Joseph J. Comstock. She carries 12 guns, and promises to be very fast; length, 307 feet; beam, 34; depth, 15 feet.

**Obituary.**—Ex-Gov. Reuben Wood, of Ohio, died at Rockport, in that State, on the 1st inst., aged 73 years. Gov. Wood went from this city to Cleveland, where he entered upon the practice of the law. In 1840 he was appointed Supreme Judge of the State of Ohio, and in 1849 was elected Governor by the Democratic party. In March, 1850, the new constitution went into operation, which vacated his office; but he was re-elected by a large majority in the fall of 1850. In 1853 he was appointed United States Consul to Valparaiso, where he served for eighteen months, when he resigned and came home. After his return from Valparaiso he took no active part in politics.

—Mrs. Don Pinst, a lady well-known in the literary world, died at Cincinnati on the 1st inst.

—Ferdinand La Salle, the noted social agitator in Germany, was killed on the 20th Sept., at Munich, in a duel. The dispute originated in the discussion of a peculiar institution.

—Mrs. Anne T. Wood, a lady of considerable literary ability, and a contributor to the New York Home Journal, died in Marietta, Ohio, on the 14th Sept. Her writings display great taste and delicacy of sentiment.

—Hon. Thomas F. Marshall died lately, at his residence, in Kentucky, aged 64. He was formerly a politician of much note, and one of the most eloquent lawyers of his time. His habits of dissipation, however, ruined his prospects. He had been a State representative, and also in Congress.

**Accidents and Offences.**—Charles Curran, a police-officer, much respected, was shot on Saturday, the 1st Oct., by a man named Theodore Yates, while arresting him on the charge of attempting to assassinate another man. The wound is dangerous.

—B. J. Gilbert has been found guilty of manslaughter for stabbing a man named Kinch in the saloon kept by Madam Bell, in Broadway.

—Two boys, aged 10 and 12, were run over by the New Haven train on the 6th inst., and instantly killed.

—The United States Marshal at San Francisco was arrested on the 3d October, on the charge of forging legal tender notes in New York. He will be brought to New York for trial.

—Three of the Lake Erie pirates, officers in the rebel service, have been arrested in Sullivan county, Ind., and taken to Indianapolis. They had receipts for making Greek fire, and the chemicals for preparing it, in their possession.

—Private S. K. Desae, of Philadelphia, was shot through the head and instantly killed on the 6th inst., in Price township, Monroe county, Penn., he being one of a squad of men sent out to guard the person serving notices on drafted men. Two men were arrested on suspicion of being the criminals.

—H. H. Dodd, Grand Commander of the Sons of Liberty, recently on trial before a military commission at Indianapolis, for conspiracy against the Government, escaped, on the 7th of October, from the third story of the jail, by means of a rope furnished by his friends outside.

—A singular case of assassination was recently perpetrated in Boston. As a man named Maurice was walking home from a ball, about three o'clock in the morning, he was shot by some unknown person, and died almost immediately. The murderer escaped.

**Foreign.**—45,000 Polish families have been banished to Siberia, simply for their remaining neutral in the recent rebellion.

—The treaty between France and Cochinchina is completed. France maintains her foothold there and receives \$20,000,000 indemnity.

—A novel and interesting lawsuit is in progress at Vienna, Germany. A physician, who was deeply enamored of a young and lovely Viennese belle, expressed his desire to an elderly unmarried lady (who, without the doctor's knowledge, was in love with him), to marry, and asked the blushing physician, "I have not the means." The following day the lucky gentleman found himself in possession of a note inclosing a signed deed, assigning to him the amount of 150,000 roubles. The letter, which was from the elderly lady, said: "Your desire is now fulfilled; henceforth there is no obstacle in the way of matrimony." The overjoyed physician immediately repaired to the home of his adored, proposed and was accepted. But the elderly lady either misunderstood the doctor, or he misconstrued her gift; for she has sued the modest gentleman for the sum of 150,000 roubles, which he refuses to return. So far she has lost the suit in two courts, the jury, in both cases, being of opinion that, inasmuch as no marriage proposal was tendered, the doctor is entitled to the amount. In the meantime, the *entente cordiale* with the young lady (Miss Fishel) is in statu quo.

—A silver medal has been voted to Miss Le Gey's in Bath, England, for her gallantry in rescuing two ladies from drowning at Lyme Regis.

—If "cards," on nuptial occasions, are going out of fashion in England, cards are coming in. Not long since (says a London paper) we read of small photographs of the bride, and indeed bridegroom, too, being sent round to friends, instead of the old enameled, silver-lacquered pasteboards; but we have, within a week, seen the sun-painting process turned to a still more extensive account in connection with these "auspicious occasions" in the form of large photographs of the bride, bridesmaids, bridegroom and best man all in one group.

—The city of Paris lately advertised for a poem of 70 lines upon the opening of a new Boulevard. There were 2,000 candidates for the 500 franc prize.

—Victor Hugo has published a letter recently, in which he gives an amusing account of his travels in England after a statue of Shakespeare. He is, Frenchmanlike, very severe upon those being a statue to Wellington, "the general who"—so says this truthful author—"gained one battle!" The prejudice of a Frenchman beats that of an Englishman out of the field.

—The particulars of Capt. Speke's death are thus given in a private letter: "Capt. Speke was on a visit to his uncle, Mr. Fuller, of Neston Park, near Corham, Wiltshire, the well-known London brewer, and was out shooting with Mr. George Fuller, his cousin. While getting over a low stone wall Capt. Speke, with an incautiousness remarkable in so practised a sportsman, held his gun with the muzzle towards him, and it going off the charge entered his body, passing completely through, severing the main arteries of the chest and lacerating the lungs. Mr. Fuller, hearing the gun fired, turned round in time to see his friend and relative fall from the wall into the field, and the keeper, who was marking birds at a short distance, seeing his master run towards the deceased, also went up and found him mortally wounded. He was only sensible for a few minutes. On Mr. Fuller coming up he moved his hand to his chest, and said feebly: 'Don't move me.' Shortly afterwards he breathed his last. A surgeon was on the spot very soon after the accident, but Capt. Speke was dead before his arrival. The deceased was 38 years of age and unmarried."

—The Emperor of the French has just finished the plans for another breech-loading cannon, with which the Pri ce Imperial is to be armed—that is, the vessel of that name, not the youthful seaman.

—It is said that the influence of Eugene has again become ascendant in the bosom of Louis Napoleon, and that she has made the sacrifice of Achilles Fould the *sine qua non* of the *entente cordiale*.

—The King of Bavaria has given permission to a German traveller in India to call himself Schlagintweit-Sakunienstein. He must indeed call himself so. No one else will be able to call him by that awful conglomeration of letters.

—Professor Priestly, of King's College, London, has been appointed to attend the Princess Louise of Hesse, at Darmstadt, in her approaching confinement, which is expected to take place about the end of October or the first week in November.

**Obit-Chat.**—The pumpkin is much cultivated in France for soup, and is held in great esteem. An annual prize is given by the Agricultural Society of Paris for the largest pumpkin, when a sort of coronation and procession takes place in its honor. This year the king of pot-irons weighed 276 pounds, and his waist measured over three yards in circumference. His Majesty sold for a sum equal to \$40 in United States coin, or \$100 in greenbacks.

—Mr. Spurgeon has retired from the Evangelical Alliance in consequence of the dissatisfaction given to the Church of England by his sermon on Baptism and Regeneration.

—A Hindoo named Vetharabogavaanaragan proposes to re-establish Hindoo rule in the southern part of India, and says that if the English don't leave the country in two years, he'll feed them to the dogs and birds of the air.

—Frederika Bremer, the gifted Swedish authoress, so well known in this country by her writings, and to some extent by her visit in 1850, has not failed in interest for our welfare since. She recently wrote over to a friend here: "I cannot but believe with you that this war is providential, and after its worst is done, its woes are past, will serve as a baptism for a new and higher life. A baptism of blood, true and terrible it is; but the grace of God will turn the very wounds, to eyes which see His will, to fountains of sympathy and charity. God bless America! My heart is there now more than ever, and were I more young I would be there soul and body, and mix among those who take care of the sick and wounded. But I am old, and shall hardly ever more cross the Atlantic except with my warm wishes."

—A Traveller's Insurance Company has been started in Hartford, Capital, \$350,000. An exchange says: "You wish to go on a journey, you insure yourself in this company, and if the train goes off the track and cuts you into splinters, it is a thousand dollars cash in your pocket."

—A celebrated German actor named Harting, has essayed the part of "Narcissus," at the new German Theatre in this city, during the past week. The critics speak in the most favorable terms of Mr. Harting's delineation. Apropos, the popular soubrette Johanna Clauen (the Captain) is permanently engaged at this theatre.

—A new American novel is announced by Ticknor & Fields. It is called Emily Chester, and is said to be a romance of unusual power.

—George Augustus Sala, whose initials are gas, in a recent letter to a little penny paper called the London Telegraph, having said "that Boston was chiefly remarkable for its intense hatred of English gentlemen," an Irish clergyman, who has travelled extensively in the United States, after denying the statement, says: "I should know Boston as well, at least, as Mr. Sala, and I pronounce it a libel to assert that there is any peculiar hatred to the real English gentlemen or the nation among the higher classes there. I ask Mr. Sala what city at home or in foreign lands treated the Prince of Wales with such royal honors? And in order to judge aright, may I inquire whether he was invited to the houses of the Winthrops, the Adamsons and the Everetts of the proud city of the Puritans? Did he mingle with the dignified and splendid scholars of Harvard? Could he not see in the English look of everything, which he admits, that Boston, before all the world, delights in her English ancestry? Her scholars are English scholars, her Church is English, whether Puritan or Presbiterian, her social life is English from basement to garret, the houses are like the memorials of the old ancestral halls out of which the English Sals of the 17th century drove her fathers; and if you stop through the old cemetery in Tremont street, or go to Burial Hill at Plymouth, you will find that New England loves even to bury her dead in the good 'old country' style, and to trace the history of their English lineage upon their tombstones."

—A correspondent communicates to the Times some particulars of the journey of exploration which two intrepid Dutch ladies are now making on the White Nile, and of the difficulties that beset their path. They had got to the Soudan, and had attempted to penetrate to the country of the Niam-Niam. This, however, they were unable to do in consequence of the hostility and opposition of the native merchants, those ungallant persons having prohibited the negroes to serve them or to supply them provisions. They complained to the Pasha of the Soudan, but were unable to obtain any redress or protection from him, and were thus compelled to abandon their expedition for the time.

—George Francis Train, in one of his wildcat letters to Gen. McClellan, commences: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George, if you keep on as you've begun, in November you won't have anybody."

—"You're a nuisance, I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You've no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

—Two English artists, thought to be intent on sketching Morro Castle, near Santiago, in Cuba, have been treated with much harshness by the local Spanish authorities. One of them, a Mr. Goodman, takes a Briton's usual vengeance—he writes to the Times.

—A soldier, who was reading inscriptions on the transparencies in a Democratic procession in Trenton, and discovered nothing inscribed thereon but abuse of the President of the United States and insults to our own Government, turned to a companion and exclaimed: "I say, Jim, this is the first rebel raid we've seen since we left Virginia."

—A dandy in London has sued a photographer for making his legs crooked in a picture.

## NEGRO HUMOR.

THE darkey has not the slightest idea of wit; he would let the most beautiful *double entendre* or the finest turned pun pass him without so much as an agitation of countenance, but when it comes to humor he is all at home. The simplest sayings of the negro are oftentimes the very epitome of fun. The comical idea he takes of himself as a chattel is illustrated by his characterizing some one of his color whom he does not like by a financial valuation, as, for instance, calling him "A \$50 nigger!" or, as a better illustration, the remark of a venerable colored person I once met in Richmond, on the far upper part of Main street, over the drunken carcasses of one of his own color. We had both stopped to look at the prostrate darkey, but without speaking a word, until the old fellow, looking me comically in the face, says, "I wonder whose property dis is layin' round yar so loose!" Another instance of a comical nature, though occurring under the gravest circumstances, comes to my mind. It was during the fever season of 1850, in New Orleans, that I heard of a singular case, which was attracting the attention of medical men. It was that of a negro woman who had died of the fever, and immediately after death had turned white, the skin having all the appearance of the Saxon. With many others, I had the curiosity to go and see her. The husband, who had been an officer's servant during the war of 1812-14, and had assisted in the defence of New Orleans, received the party, which consisted of half a dozen physicians and others, at the door, and with a "Well, a minute, gentlemen!" disappeared through an open door. In a minute he called us to walk in, and we entered a room to see our military hero standing at the head of what proved to be the corpse of his wife, stretched on three chairs, and covered with a sheet. The hero of the cotton bags motioned and directed us to arrange ourselves at the foot of the defunct, and, then, catching the corners of the sheet in each of his hands, he shouted, "Tention!" and with a half-face, throwing off the covering, he went on in a voice of command, "Uncubber—corpse!" and the dead woman was ready for examination. When our curiosity was satisfied, the ceremony was finished by our falling back to the foot, when the old darkey, who had stood immovable during its progress, flung on the sheet again to his own command, "Cubber—corpse!" and we were again ushered into the street, after presenting a gratuity of 25 cents per head.

**OSCANYAN'S SOIREE ORIENTALES.**—Mr. Oscanayan, the well-known Oriental lecturer, is again creating a decided sensation by his *Soirees Orientales*, at Irving Hall, which wonderfully combine amusement, instruction and artistic effect. Our readers will remember that we published an illustration of one of the scenes in the haron, and hope, hereafter, to give another of some of the unique costumes of street life in the East, as they are produced by Mr. Oscanayan. The tableaux are highly effective and artistically interesting. The grouping of so many brilliant and often grotesque costumes creates a *tout ensemble* which interests all. The Oriental music, the perfume of the pastille, mingled with the fumes of the nargileh and chibouk, and the graceful movements of the dancing-girls, combine to realize much of the romance which we all associate with everything Oriental. The philosophy of Eastern institutions pervading the Christianity of the civilized world, as they are still maintained in the lands whence the sacred Scriptures emanated, is graphically explained by the lecturer. We can assure our readers throughout the country that they have a rich treat in prospect when Mr. Oscanayan commences his tour.

SOME men are odious to vulgar people on account of their high rank in society. Each one of them may say, like the King in Hamlet, "Oh, my offence is rank."

THE children of scolding parents are hot-house plants.





IRON MINE NEAR THE TOP OF PILOT KNOB MOUNTAIN, MISSOURI, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—HOSPITAL OF THE 8TH ARMY CORPS AT SPOUT SPRING MILL, ON THE OPEQUAN, VA.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

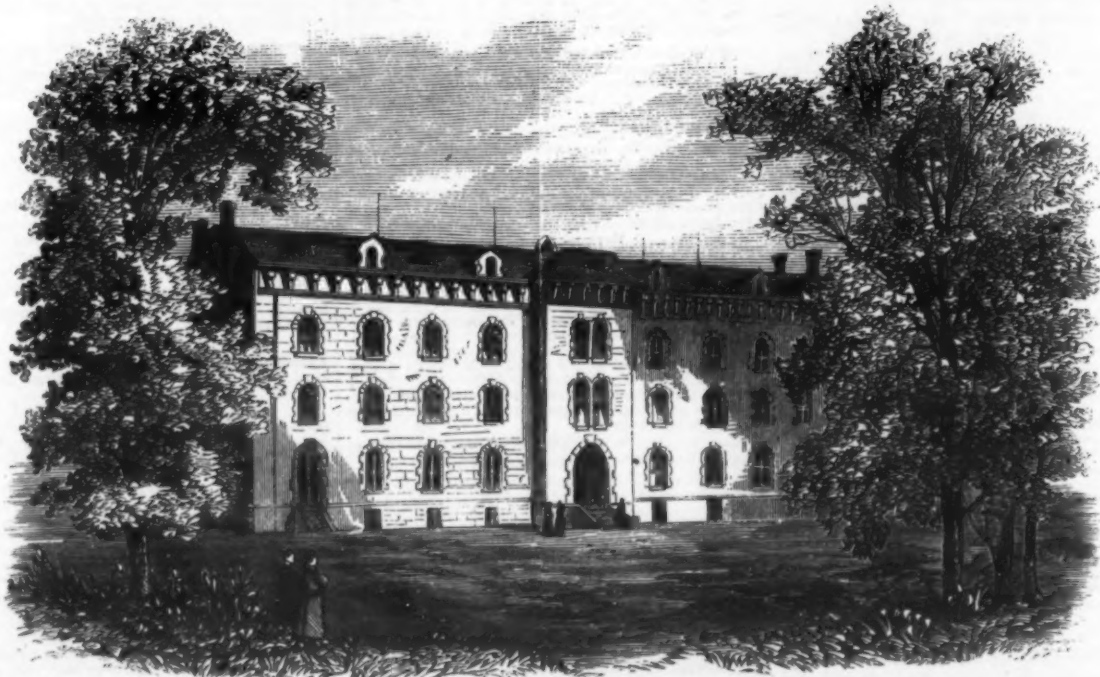
**PILOT KNOB.**

When travellers first told of mountains of pure iron in Missouri the story seemed fabulous; when at last the fact was established, speculation grew, cities were laid out near them and immense fortunes were to be made. Gradually things sobered down and the mines were properly worked. Among these iron hills is Pilot Knob, in Washington county, Missouri, about 80 miles south-west from St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi, and six miles from Iron Mountain. It is an isolated conical peak, covering an area of 360 acres, and rising very steeply to a height of 580 feet. Towards the top of the mountain the rock becomes ferruginous, with huge blocks of pure iron. About 440 feet from the base on the north a bed of ore 275 feet in length is exposed, and here is the mine of which we give a view in this paper. It was commenced in August, 1846. Iron Mountain is connected by railroad with St. Louis, and Pilot Knob, from its commanding position, has become in the present war a point of military importance.

It has recently been held by Gen. Ewing against a very heavy rebel force, who made a fierce attack under Gen. Cabell on Fort Davidson, but Ewing's few hundred repulsed them and the rebels drew off, leaving the ground around the fort literally covered with their dead and wounded. Their loss is estimated at 300 killed and 600 or 700 wounded. This victory enabled the gallant Ewing to draw off his little force to Mineral Point.

**EIGHTH CORPS HOSPITAL AT SPOUT SPRING MILL.**

SPOUT SPRING, on the Opequan, was, before the last movement of Gen. Sheridan, the headquarters of the rebel Gen. Ramseur, who marched from it to Winchester, intending, doubtless, to return when Early had finished up the Yankee General. The mill on the right was burned by our troops on Sept. 17, for grinding grain for the enemy. It, with the brick house near it, belonged to Mr. Daniel T. Wood. The wounded in the battle were brought here, and it thus became the temporary hospital of the 8th corps.



NEW PASSIONIST MONASTERY AT WEST HOBOKEN, DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 25.

**DEDICATION OF THE PASSIONIST MONASTERY.**

At West Hoboken, New Jersey.

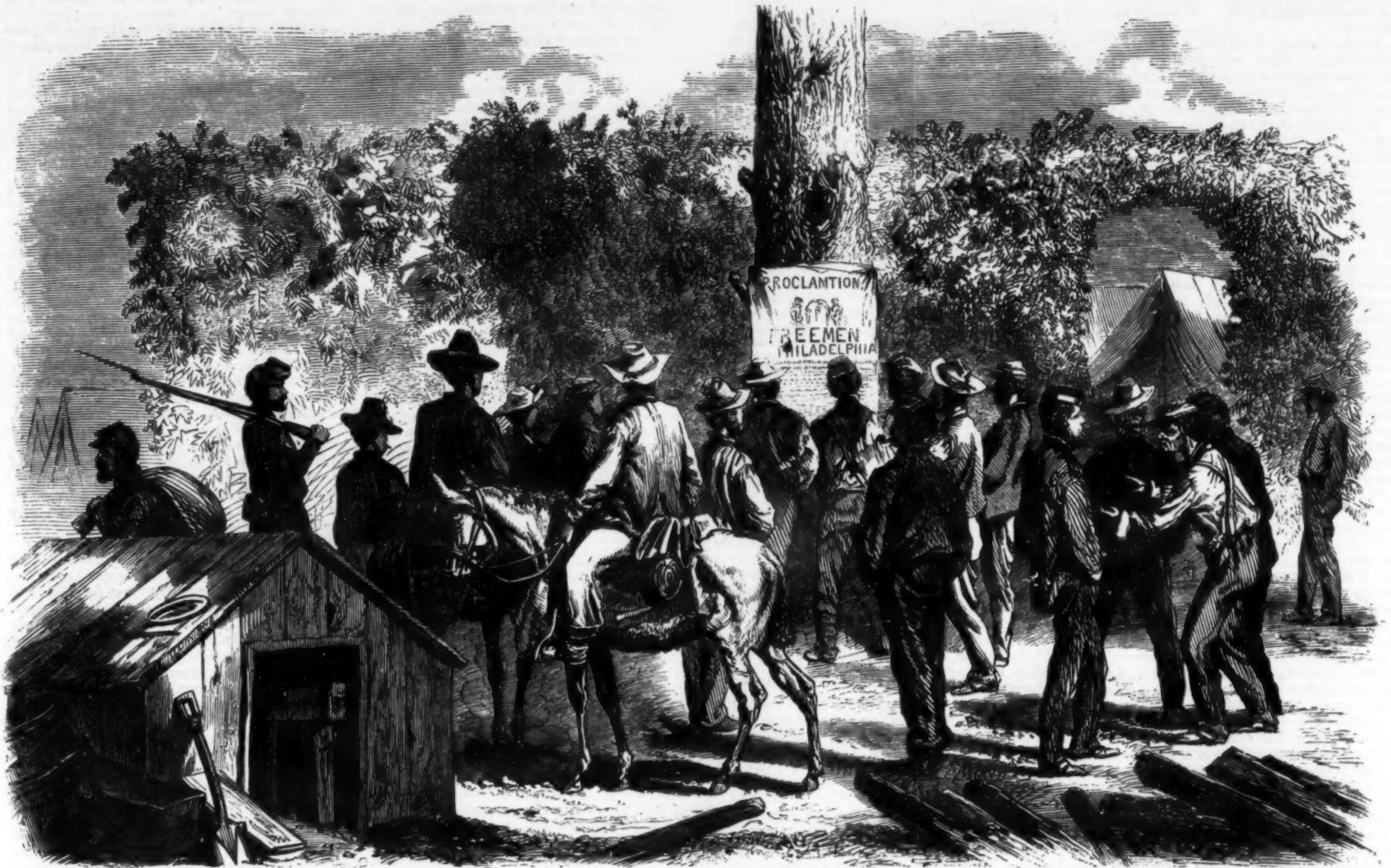
NEW YORK is beginning to be encircled by monasteries, convents and colleges directed by a few of the various religious orders which so abound in the Roman Catholic Church. A Convent of the Sacred Heart crowns the heights of Manhattanville, the Christian Brothers have a college on the same ridge of land, the Sisters of Charity occupy Forrest's former residence at Fort Hill, the Jesuits have a college at Fordham, and now, within a few months, a new and stately monastery has been erected on the other side of the Hudson, at West Hoboken, by the Passionists.

This order is comparatively a new one. It was founded in July, 1787, by the Blessed Paul of the Cross, who died in 1775, aged 81. It was confirmed by Benedict XIV. in 1741.

It is very severe in its fasts and austerity. The members are devoted to preaching and missions. They were introduced into the United States in 1852, and established a monastery, or *refuge*, as they style it, at Pittsburg.

St. Michael's Monastery, at West Hoboken, was commenced in May last, and is a building 300 feet long by 200 feet wide, built of blue stone. There are five floors, with basement and attic. On the first floor will be the chapel, chapter-room, two parlors, tailor's and porter's room, and recreation hall. The upper storeys contain rooms for the members of the community. With the grounds attached, it cost about \$46,000. It was dedicated on the 25th of September, in the presence of a large assemblage of people. The Superior is the V. Rev. Dominic Tarletini.





THE APPROACHING ELECTION IN THE CAMP—GROUP OF SOLDIERS READING POLITICAL HANDBILLS—SKETCHED IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

## THE TWO SOLDIERS: A Romance of the War.

BY C. D. G.

I.

Two maids walked by the shining sea,  
One with a crown of raven hair,  
And one with her tresses flowing free,  
And the golden noon-rays nestling there.



"Heart of mine," thus the dark maid cried,  
"None save a soldier shall e'er command.  
With a soul of flame and an eye of pride,  
And his gleaming sword in his good right hand!"

"Mine I give," said the fair-haired maid,  
"Even as thou, to a soldier's care;  
In the cause of Truth is his soul arrayed,  
With the sword of Faith and the shield of Prayer."

II.

Two youths walked by the forest green,  
One with a haughty brow and eye,  
And one with a calm and gentle mien  
That cheered the soul of the passer-by.

"Raven locks and an eye of jet,  
A proud-lip'd maid with a tropic cheek;  
Such is the snare for my heart set!"  
Thus did the haughty Southron speak.

"Tresses of gold," his comrade said,  
"Eyes like the depths of a summer sea,  
Cheeks where the bosom's truth is read,  
Such is the guileless heart for me!"

III.

Two by the shining sea once more:  
Tresses of gold and raven hair.

And two in the shade of the forest hoar:  
The haughty brow and the brow so fair.

Crisped hands in the locks of jet,  
The proud lips clenched and the dark eye  
sear;  
But the tresses of gold in a sable net,  
And the blue eye bright with a chastening  
tear!

The fire quenched in the Southron eye,  
The dark brow prone on the rebel sod;  
But the fair face turned to the summer sky,  
And the patriot soul at peace with God.

## OVER THE WAY.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

It was a pretty cottage, too pretty to remain long unoccupied. I was interested in the appearance of the gentleman who came to look at it. He was young, yet one could not help thinking that he had learned his strength—strength to grapple with life. I liked the young wife at first sight, too. She was fair, with soft folds of chestnut hair banded back from a smooth, open brow. There was a little one with them, a dear little girl of about two summers. It would have been a poet's duty to go mad at once over her golden curls, sunny blue eyes and dimpled cheeks. Such dainty,

her busy little feet pattered over the uncarpeted floors!

They were pleased, and either purchased or rented, I do not know, and it does not matter which.

I am sure you never saw such a cheery, happy-looking home as that became. It seemed as if everything around it smiled. Every morning I heard the ring of a brisk step on the pavement, and, if I chose to look, saw a sweet pale-faced



A SEASIDE REVERIE.

woman, with a blue-eyed little girl in her arms, both of them watching the loved one out of sight. At first, Birdie, as I heard them call her, would creep down the steps often during the day and run to the gate, calling "Papa, papa!" When the young mother came for her, she would put up her red lips grievously, saying, "Papa no tome," or "Birdie want papa tome!" But after a while she seemed to learn to look for him about the sun-setting. Then she was sure to be at her post, peering through the gate, and calling "Papa!" in her dear baby voice till he appeared. The fair wife seemed just as eager and wishful as the child. Such a light would come into her eyes, and such quick blushes ripple over her cheeks, one would think her a timid maiden waiting for her lover. And no wonder; for such exceeding tenderness as that man manifested for his wife and child was beautiful to behold. It is as rare as beautiful. I was witness to many glad reunions. Time after time I watched them, till—I am ashamed to confess it—till the pain at my heart grew heavier, seeing the full measure of their content.

I did not envy them—at least, I was not conscious of harboring so pitiful a feeling—but the contrast between their smiling faces and my darkened chambers was too great.

Not that I was utterly unloved or uncared for, but the dear father and mother, most loving and best loved of all, had bidden me good-bye and gone home to that other country. They died of the same disease; one in the hush and darkness



THE OFFER OF MARRIAGE REFUSED.

cherry lips as she had—such loveable, kissable lips! I longed to cross over the way and, taking the blessed child in my arms, bring her back with me to my lonely home. Perhaps the sunshine and gladness would follow her. Such a sweet baby voice! It sounded through those empty rooms as she prattled away to "papa" and "mama," while



of a moonless midnight, the other as the flush of sunrise tinged the orient. This was in the month of roses.

I had no sister; of my two brothers, one was a sailor, captain of his own vessel—I remembered his departure, but it was a dim remembrance, like a half forgotten dream—the other, nearer my own age, was a student at Heidelberg.

You perceive that I was "monarch of all I surveyed," and, with the exception of Mrs. Stone, an elderly widow lady, distantly related to my father, who had been our housekeeper for many years, alone in my dominions. Mrs. Stone pitied my orphanage. She was sympathising and endeavored to be companionable, but she was still, and odd, and old-fashioned in her ways. She was in all respects a most estimable woman; but the stillness, so unnatural in our house, with her widow's weeds and my own black garments, continually reminded me of death and the grave.

Summer passed, and each day seemed to bring some new joy to that happy family over the way. In the morning the young wife sang among her flowers to her little one, and in the evening that rich bass voice was an accompaniment not to be despised. Their piano was a fine, full-toned instrument, and the pitying winds wafted the strains over to me, but they brought no soothing. Ours had been a happy household, a household given to kind words and pleasant laughter and much song.

In the autumn Mrs. Stone requested permission to invite Winnie Halsted, a niece of hers, to spend the winter with us. I consented. But Winnie was not a lively girl; she seemed to fall readily into her aunt's quiet ways. In thinking of her now, however, I do not believe it was her natural manner; perhaps our long faces and sombre garments frightened her, if so, it must have been a dreary winter to the poor girl, for, altogether, we were a most melancholy group.

At length I fell sick of a low, nervous fever, caused, doubtless, by great depression of spirits. Mrs. Stone grew anxious. She was a good and gentle nurse. Sometimes she would look at me earnestly, then shake her head and say, in an aside to Winnie, that something must be done to rouse me from dependency or I would die.

"She takes it so hard. But then it was terrible. Their dying so suddenly, and both together as it were; and she so young, and alone, too, poor thing!"

I used to listen to her low words when she thought me asleep, and wonder if I would die. Not that I dreaded it. Indeed, no. Anything to be with them.

But the long winter dragged away, and, very slowly, I grew better—grew able to wander over the house again, shrinking from a shadow and trembling at the echo of my own footsteps in the silent rooms. I was pale and thin and spiritless. It seemed as if nothing but death would release me from the state of listless apathy into which I had fallen.

"Why did you not come at once to me, Anna Lee? Mrs. Stone should have written long ago; you, poor darling, have been too sick and sorrowful to care even for me. To think that the young year walked over their graves, and I all unaware! Your heart is crushed; I know it, little one. You believe it buried beyond hope of resurrection. You are sure that to you this fair earth of ours has lost its beauty and its bloom for ever. Perhaps this is not so, Anna; perhaps there is a long life of brightness yet before you, if you will. Is this mockery? Come to me, dear child. Have I not a right to weep with you? Are we not sisters by adoption? Were not your honored parents mine in my great sorrow? Who else will pillow your head upon her bosom, feeling that your loss is also hers? Come, my sister; you are sick, I will heal you; you are pale, the sea breezes will plant roses in your cheeks. I have taught my little ones to love you; they eagerly await your coming. I so regret that we have not had you with us all these weary months. I am sick to think of your pining in that great, silent house! Come back with Leonard, dear one, he will follow close upon the footsteps of my letter. Come, weary child, and fold your tired wings in a home that can never be closed to you. Come, Anna, and Leonard will point you to the shining way that leads to that blessed city where your beloved are."

This was the letter that came to me in the early spring. It was from Ruth Willis, my cousin. Then I wondered that in all those months my thoughts had not once turned to her. She was older than I, but I remembered that, in the long ago, when death was very cruel to her, my parents found room in their hearts for another. She came to our home and was one of us till she married Leonard Willis, a clergyman, and went with him to his parish, by the "sounding sea." She was a dear girl; I believe my parents loved her as if she had been their own. But a number of years had passed since she married, she was older than I, as I said; most of the time I had spent at school, and it seemed, somehow, as if she had slipped out of my life entirely. That letter brought her vividly to mind, and with the recollection came a yearning to pillow my head upon her bosom, as she had written, and to feel the loving pressure of her soft arms around me, after the manner of the old time.

I thought myself utterly unable to endure the fatigue of travel, but you cannot imagine the strength that letter gave me. Verily, it brought healing on its wings! When, a day or two after, I heard cousin Leonard's voice in the hall, I actually ran down to meet him. He took me in his arms as a brother might have done, and kissed me over and over; and I, foolish girl that I was, laid my head down upon his breast and cried like a child.

Winnie and Mrs. Stone had packed my trunks, and the next morning I bade them quite a cheerful good-bye.

I must tell you of my last look at that cottage over the way. I said—did I not?—that the sight of such uninterrupted happiness was bitterness instead of balm. It was wrong; but I was very weak, and could not put the feeling from me. In my own chamber the curtains of the windows that

looked upon the street had not been lifted for many a day.

We had learned nothing of that pleasant family, only that the name was Peyton, and that Mrs. Peyton was in very delicate health. This was the cause of their advent upon our quiet street, so far from the business part of the town.

We were to take an early train, and I was ready for departure, when I stole back to my room, and going to one of those windows of which I have spoken, put back the heavy crimson hangings and looked out. It was a pleasant picture that I saw, and memory framed it.

Mr. Peyton was running down the walk, that darling baby following as fast as her little feet could go. Smiling, Mrs. Peyton brought up the rear. Mr. Peyton put the gate between the little one and himself, and stood looking over at her, talking to her, but the cunning little elf thrust her chubby fingers through the wires and caught his hand, laughing with great glee. He feigned distress and anxiety to get away, while the young mother pretended to assist the child.

After a while he started down the street, looking back every other step to smile and say "Bye!" to Birdie, who called to him till he was out of sight. With a silent adieu to those strangers that I knew so well, a silent prayer that their happiness might know no change, I dropped the curtains and went down.

Soon we were hurrying towards that home upon the sea.

Beltonville, so called after the "oldest inhabitant," was quite a stirring, thriving little village; yet there was but one church, and of this cousin Leonard Willis was pastor.

A year slipped by. In the genial atmosphere of that seaside home something of my old spirit came back to me. Mrs. Stone still kept my house. I had no purpose or desire to return.

My income was limited. I looked around me for something to do. Belton seminary was about fifteen minutes' walk from the parsonage. It was respectable and flourishing. I applied for a situation as teacher. There was a vacancy in the primary department, it was the only one. They would be happy to engage my services, if we could "agree as to terms." We met with no difficulty. They were courteous, and I was not unreasonable. My home was still to be with cousin Ruth.

I never thought myself particularly attractive, yet children always cling to me. I believe this is a rule that has had no exception. I suppose it is because I love them so. To my surprise, I found myself becoming popular with parents as well as children. During the second term, Miss Honey, preceptress, resigned on account of ill health. The situation was offered me.

I was inexperienced; there were many young ladies among the students who were older than I. It was a position of too much responsibility. I hesitated. But the trustees united in urging it upon my acceptance; the faculty seemed anxious. My education had been thorough; in the end I silenced my scruples and entered upon new duties and new trials; not, however, without occasional misgivings. It would seem that never a teacher had less cause for misgiving than I. My classes were affectionate and respectful, my associate teachers considerate and kind. The good people of the place seemed to vie with each other in attention to the "stranger within their gates."

Thus passed two more years. I did not weary of my employment; I can truly say that those were years of pleasantness and peace. It is well that we have not power to unveil the future. To know that evil is in store would ill-fit us for the enjoyment of the present.

About the middle of the second year a letter came to cousin Leonard from a brother of his, somewhere in the far West.

He was going to cross the ocean. It was a matter of business that clamored for immediate attention. He knew sister Ruth's great capacity for loving! Would she take his motherless little girl to her fold for awhile? She could not go with him, and how could he leave her to the care of strangers? He was just going to send her to that good aunt of hers, without preliminary questioning, or shadow of doubt of the gentlest of welcomes. One thing he would like to ask.

Would sister Ruth talk often to the child of a dear one dead? He had done so; he wished to keep the memory of her mother green in the heart of his little girl. He wished it to be a pleasant memory, and truthful, of one who was gentle, beautiful and good. And so in the twilight, before the lamps were lit, when he sat with his little one close folded to his heart, he talked to her of a grave upon Lake Michigan, and a fair young mother who passed through its portals to a "happy land" where the angels dwell. Would sister Ruth sometimes do the same?

It would be such happiness to see them in their home, but this could not be till he returned from over the waters. A friend—one whom Stella loved—was coming to the Atlantic States, she would be safe with him. He knew brother Leonard; he knew sister Ruth; he did not fear to entrust his own lamb to their keeping. He knew that just as tenderly as they cared for their own little flock, just so tenderly would they care for her. The dear God grant his darling to be an "angel in their household."

Cousin Leonard read the letter aloud, Ruth leaning on his shoulder, looking over as he read.

"Poor boy," said Leonard, musingly; "three summers have scattered their blossoms over the grave of his young wife, and still he mourns as one who cannot be comforted!" and saying this, he reached up and drew Ruth's arm around his neck, as if thanking God in his heart, that, while one had been taken, the other was left.

"How old is this little Stella of whom he writes?" asked I.

"Let me see," said Ruth, pausing a little, as if in doubt, "she was four when Ellen died, I think; she must be about our Willie's age," glancing across the room to a bright-looking, curly-headed

seven year old, who sat in the window, lost to everything but his first experience of Robinson Crusoe.

You may be sure that the doors of cousin Ruth's good heart flew wide open to take in the little stranger. Motherless! This was the "open sesame!" Sister Ruth! as I called her, thinking of the letter, of the little girl who was coming; thinking, too of the sisterly solicitude she was—in a thousand little, loving ways—continually manifesting for me.

"Stella" proved to be an unusually interesting and attractive child.

A little shy at first, a little afraid of her new found friends. But this could not last, and when you knew her, and she loved you, you found such a clinging affectionateness of disposition, that you trembled for her womanhood. A very beautiful child was this little Stella. Her long, shining curls—of that peculiar golden hue so much admired, yet so seldom seen—parted over a forehead that was marble in its whiteness.

There was the faintest bloom upon her cheeks, and her red lips curved so prettily, there was such a dewy sweetness in her blue eyes, that I never looked at her without longing to take her to my heart, and keep her there for ever. I grew to love her very much. In the morning, when I went to my classes, she was the last to kiss me good-bye, and the first to welcome me at night. I was pleased with this, for, although rich cousin Ruth's bright, good little boys were very dear to me, there was a deeper tenderness in my heart for this motherless little girl than I had ever felt for them.

It was vacation. The first vacation that had occurred since my connection with the school, to which I had looked forward with irrepressible impatience. I have said that cousin Leonard lived by the "sounding sea." I love the ocean. For hours I have wandered on the smooth beach, or sat upon the battlements—as I called a rocky section of the coast about two miles from the village—watching the blue waves dotted with white sails, the seagull skimming over the waters, or the bald-eagle darting down upon its prey.

The day was mine for as lengthy a ramble as I desired. Ned and Willie—Ruth's boys—were with their father in his study; Stella—as I thought—in the nursery. I was glad of this, for, although they were the invariable companions of all my walks, I greatly preferred, that morning, to leave them behind. I slipped out quietly, congratulating myself upon being unnoticed. But I "reckoned without my host." I had not proceeded far when I heard the swift patter of little feet behind me, and Stella's voice calling:

"Wait, auntie"—a fashion of Ruth's boys that she had copied—"wait, I'm coming!"

The child never doubted my willingness; she was never happier than when with me; a refusal to let her accompany me would be an act without a precedent; I could not send her back!

It was in the month of March, yet we had one of those clear, balm-breathing days that seldom come to us earlier than the flowers of May. The air was full of freshness and vitality.

Stella was wild with excitement. She danced along the path, singing fragments of songs, and filling her apron with shells; occasionally running back to show something quaint or curious that old ocean had tossed upon the shore. I knew of a sort of semicircle among the rocks that opened to the sea. Far back in the shadow was a rude kind of platform, and detached pieces of boulders made excellent seats. It was sufficiently elevated to be, at all times, above the reach of the tides.

This was a favorite retreat of mine. I think no one else ever visited it. At least I never was disturbed in my solitude.

As we sat down I saw a vessel steaming into harbor. I wondered if it might not bring tidings for my little Stella from a "foreign shore." The child was very weary. I looked at her flushed cheeks and drooping eyelids, and began to think I had not cared for her as I ought. I untied her hat, and drew her pretty, golden head down into my lap. In a little while she was fast asleep.

I told you that my years were passing pleasantly. I have acknowledged the exceeding kindness of teachers and friends. All this was, now, an experience of the past! I had been so happy! So sure and proud of my position! My position in the hearts of those around me, I mean; and very grateful I had felt for it, too. Had the change been gradual, perhaps, I could have borne it better; but it was a precipitate transition from tropical warmth to Arctic coldness, and it chilled me so!

Yes, I had been very happy at cousin Ruth's, but weariness of spirit had come to me, even there.

Professor Steele—principal of our seminary—was a man of sufficient ability to perform the duties incumbent upon him, with credit to himself and to the school. He was affable in his demeanor to all, but particularly so to ladies. He never forgot to be polite and courteous to them. Moreover, he was a religious man. He made long prayers in public places, gave much alms, and was considered a burning and shining light in the one church of Beltonville, of which he was an honored member. Nevertheless, I could not like him.

From the first—although I received a most elaborate welcome—I felt repelled. His affability was oily, and I could not rid myself of an uncomfortable feeling that his sanctimoniousness was hypocrisy.

No doubt it was all very absurd; I had sufficient sense to keep my opinions to myself.

Let no one suppose that I am covertly sneering at Christianity. It is as far from my heart to do so as the east from the west. Heaven forbid that a woman's pen should ever be thus guilty. As for me—Leonard Willis, cousin Ruth, your blameless and well ordered lives are before me—surely it could never be mine! I feel a respect, that is nearly allied to reverence, for those, who—possessing the name of Christians—show by their

walk and conversation that they have been with God.

To return to Professor Steele. It seems that the dislike was not reciprocal. In the beginning of the term that had just closed he made me an offer of marriage. Of course I was obliged to refuse. I endeavored to do it kindly, with as little injury to his self-love as possible. But he pressed his suit till I became indignant, and plainly told him that his persistence was not honorable or gentlemanly, and the subject must not be renewed.

I did not take blame to myself for this, for, as I said, from the first, I felt repelled, and had never been as friendly and cordial as is my wont with those with whom I am thrown into such intimate association. It was soon apparent that I had made a bitter enemy. There was no change in his manner towards me that others could see, unless he became a little more gentle and patronising than before, yet that man showed me that I was in his power; he could harass and annoy me continually; and he did it, too, in a thousand mean, contemptible ways, without mercy or limitation. I began to stumble on groups of girls, young ladies, generally, that I had censured for improprieties of conduct—whose earnest, almost audible whispering would cease, only to be renewed with little bursts of derisive laughter, and muttered ejaculations of contempt as I passed on. Insolent people stared at me upon the street. Those who had been most friendly hurried by with hardly a nod of recognition. One who remained true explained the matter.

That man was at the bottom of it all.

Very cunningly he began the diabolical work of undermining my reputation. Sometimes when favorable mention was made of me, he would roll his solemn eyes up to the flies upon the ceiling—Well—yes—he trusted she was an amiable person; he hoped her influence over the young ladies was salutary! Again—it would be a matter of regret if the trustees were deceived. But we must be charitable; we we all fall, erring creatures! If any one requested an explanation—Oh! There was nothing to explain! He wished no one to attach any weight to his opinion in such a case. People must judge for themselves; if they saw nothing, his lips should be sealed!

At other times, perhaps, he would only shrug his shoulders and shake his head, saying nothing, but looking unutterable things.

How much might be implied! How much is expressed often by these eloquent shrugs of the shoulders, shakes of the head and upliftings of the eyebrows? Then, if you question, their astonishment is supreme, and they innocently ask what they have ever said!

The heaven worked. Professor Steele was a gentleman of acute judgment and undoubted piety; he could not be in fault. They wondered that they had ever given such ready countenance to a stranger!

They had been duped; it would learn them wisdom. They failed to perceive that my evident possession of their pastor's confidence and esteem was a stronger claim to their consideration than any that Professor Steele had furnished. They were anxious to discover the exact nature of my offence; they thought it quite right and proper that they should know; but that wonderful man adroitly parried all their attacks upon the citadel of his secret knowledge. Serene as a May morning, yet utterly impenetrable. It was aggravating, but after all, his discretion was praiseworthy. Had I told the exact and simple truth it would have been hooted at as falsehood. That noble man vindictive and malevolent!

I saw that if I did not voluntarily go I should be requested to do so. You may be sure I had no disposition to remain. Accordingly, at the close of the term I sent in my resignation. It was accepted without the farce of regrets. All of which was, as yet, entirely unknown to my friends at the parsonage. Perhaps I have been somewhat prolix, and yet I do not know that one can dwell too long upon the character of a good man. Such an anomaly, you are aware. Bear with me for feeling and writing bitterly. That man caused me much suffering.

I was very wretched that March morning when I sought my hiding-place among the rocks, to decide upon some plan of action for my future; this done, I would tell Leonard and Ruth all that it was necessary for them to know, and then bid them good-bye for ever. Yes, for ever, for I could never come back to them with a stain upon my good name. I was innocent, but this would not avail. It was cruel that I should so suffer. I am afraid that I felt very wickedly. I remember thinking that a kind Providence would not permit it.

During all these years I had not looked once upon the graves of my parents. I would go back to that city where, after all, was the only place I had a right to call my home.

I had forgotten the vessel in the harbor, forgotten that a dear little girl was sleeping quietly, with her head in my lap; I did not know that the day was waning. The sea moaned; premonitory symptom of the approaching storm; I did not heed; I sat with my head upon my knees, oblivious to everything but wretchedness.

"As I live, they are both asleep!"

It was cousin Leonard's cheery, ringing voice that roused me; he was coming rapidly up the rocky path. There was another gentleman with him. I started hastily, and would have sprung to my feet, but the heavy weight in my lap prevented.

"It is my brother, cousin Anna Lee," said Leonard, "he has landed within the hour; we would not have intruded upon you, but brother could not wait for you to come with Stella."

I looked up to acknowledge the pleasant bow and smile. To my surprise I knew that countenance well. Cousin Leonard called the man brother, and told of his having lived West. Notwithstanding this, notwithstanding the dissimilarity in names, I was perfectly certain that the



gentleman before me was the one who did live in the cottage "over the way!" I remembered how their happiness mocked my misery then, and wondered if it was his fate to cross my path at times when hope—if not dead—lay sleeping in my heart.

The sound of voices awakened Stella. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and looked around, to spring with a glad cry of recognition to her father's open arms.

Leonard came over to me, assisting me to rise, drawing my arm within his own.

"What can possibly be the matter, cousin Anna?" he asked, in a low, anxious voice. "You are white as the dead, and you glared upon us so," laughing as he said it, "that I declare I am afraid brother thought we had found a fit subject for treatment in an insane asylum instead of our cousin Anna, of whom he has so often heard. You stayed too long upon those damp rocks; your hands—" I suppose they were like icicles in his warm clasp; he wheeled suddenly round, facing me—"Anna Lee, will you tell me what ails you?"

Mr. Peyton—you see I felt sure of his identity—had gone forward with Stella. I looked up at cousin Leonard, but somehow I had no voice for words. Had I spoken, I do not know what I could have said. He just put his good, strong arm around me, partly leading me, partly carrying me, till we reached the house.

"Here, wife," said he, "put this child to bed, will you? She is sick, or obstinate, probably the latter. In either case, Spellman shall have an opportunity to test his skill."

I did not smile, as usual, at his pleasantry; I think I walked, unaided, to my room—I do not know—I did not leave it again for many a day.

In the delirium of sickness we sometimes reveal secrets that we had thought to keep hidden for ever. I suppose they discovered many things that I would never, willingly, have made known. It was best that it should be so. Had I gone to them for counsel in the beginning of my troubles, I should have had fewer days of wretchedness and fewer sleepless nights to weep away.

Cousin Leonard was profoundly grieved, surprised and indignant. He found it difficult to credit the fact that his people could so persecute one whom their pastor loved. An honored inmate of his own house. I have said little of this good man, but if you whose eyes are resting on this page have grown sour, and cynical, and misanthropical, if—seeing so much of sin, and cruelty, and crime upon the earth—you have come to lose all faith in man, I invite you to visit that unpresuming pariah and make the acquaintance of its pastor. His is a religion that maketh glad the heart, and he believes if the heart is full of gladness it will beam from the eye and tremble upon the lip. The children of his people love him, and the humblest of his parish know that in him they have a friend.

During the long weeks of that terrible brain fever—as they called my sickness—he was not idle. He resolved that the fullest justice should be done me. To this end he proceeded—first, to make private investigations into the antecedents of my quondam suitor. Professor Steele was graduated from Yale. He came thence with many recommendations of ability, acquirements and—piety! Cousin Leonard had friends in that time-honored institution. He wrote to one to whose discretion and co-operation he could trust. His friend's knowledge was limited. He had understood that Professor Steele was originally from Bennington, Vermont. He believed his parents were still living there.

Farther than this he knew nothing. If desired, he would make quiet inquiry, and report results.

I imagine that exclamations were above par when the facts that his quiet inquiry brought to light were publicly made known.

Will you believe it? That man, whom the church thought to be without spot or blemish, and the community delighted to honor; who had killed me with his hate for the single reason that I could not love him and would not become his wife, was already a married man!

A Benedict of several years standing! Far up among the mountains of Vermont they found her—the deserted wife!

She had been a belle, and many a rustic youth was refused for love of him, the pale student who sought their mountain breezes for the restoration of his health. She lived with her parents in an obscure little out-of-the-way hamlet, feeding her poor fond heart with the hope that he would yet come back to her.

In the meantime the professor pursued the "even tenor of his way" as sleek, and pompous, and complacent as ever. Upon my last decided rejection of his suit he immediately began paying his addresses in another quarter. Rumor said that certain mysterious preparations were going rapidly forward in the house of Deacon Garfield.

Lizzie Garfield was the merriest and the sweetest maiden in all Beltonville. Her parents were pleased and proud that their daughter should do so well, and yet they did not think it strange; for who could help admiring Lizzie? They had been a little fearful that she cared for Tom Rushford—the handsome young barrister—who was so smitten with her charms. He was of a good family; doing well in his profession—called a rising young man. They liked Rushford, only—unfortunately—he was not religious. It did not seem exactly the thing for a deacon's daughter to marry out of the pale of the church.

Lizzie marvelled that that grave man should seek her favor; she stood much in awe of him, but this she supposed was because he was so much older, and better, and wiser than she. She was never at ease with him as she was with Tom. One could not feel afraid of Tom; he was always so cheerful, and chatty, and pleasant. Her secret heart gave him the preference, but her parents approved of Professor Steele, and she ought to be thankful for her good future; perhaps it was a special interposition of Providence in her behalf. She served busily away upon her bridal garments,

trying to believe that she was contented and happy, but she could not help a stray tear now and then, and she did not sing about her work as usual.

Cousin Leonard communicated the important intelligence he had received to a few of the members of his church—Deacon Garfield among the number—and to the astounded trustees of that flourishing seminary further than this it was not known, for as yet no steps had been taken in the matter. Agencies were working to bring hidden things to light of which they were ignorant.

Professor Steele attended a religious gathering one evening—it was nearly midnight when he returned to his rooms. He took a letter from the office on his way to the church, but did not pause to look at the contents then. This was the note that was afterwards found upon his dead body:

"I say, Jim, resign yourself to the loss of the deacon's moneybags; it is time for you to pack up your traps and start. Your *contretemps* with the prim schoolma'am there was vexatious to be sure, but your way of revenge wasn't exactly the thing. You've waked up the parson."

"Somehow he's got wind of your *sauz pas* with that fresh little bit of calico up in the mountains. Deucedly pretty, wasn't she though! Pity you actually married her; you must learn wisdom, old boy. But, as I said, the parson's got wind of it, and he'll come down upon you like an avalanche. You see the schoolma'am is cousin to his wife, and he is interested. I tell you, Jim Steele, your long face will be of no avail. He'll make a clean sweep. I don't think he's heard of your nice little speculation in M—yet, but he'll fish it up, you may depend. I advise you to be nowhere just as soon as you can conveniently make it convenient. I've a plan in my head. Come up and we'll talk it over. I'll pass you off upon my governor for a Methodist minister. Promising, you know, and all that sort of thing! He'll take; he'll hug you to his heart, and you can live in clover till you decide where next to ventilate your genius. And, *entre nous*, I have a pretty sister at home now; you can make love to her in the interim. She's a good little thing though, and I don't like fellows of your stamp to have too much to say to her, you know. Don't fail to come, for your game is up in that old rookery, no mistake."

A train passed through the place at midnight, stopping five minutes at the station. Crowding a few things into his valise, the crestfallen professor ran hastily through the hall, down the walk, out upon the dark, silent street. The rain was falling heavily, and freezing upon the pavements as it fell. He was a little behind time; the train had started, but he succeeded in springing up the steps of a passenger car. He turned to enter, his foot slipped upon the icy platform, he fell between the cars and was instantly killed!

It was a cruel death. When word was brought to cousin Leonard, they said that this was his only comment: "The way of the transgressor is hard." Deacon Garfield shuddered, but thanked the God of his fathers that Lizzie was safe from harm.

After many days my fever turned. Reason came back to me. I lay helpless and weak as a child, but the danger was past. This was the verdict of the physician: "I shall tell her, Leonard," I heard Ruth say, one day; "it will prove a better omen than all Dr. Spellman's medicines. You are strong enough to hear good tidings, aren't you, darling?"

Very gently they imparted the glad news that the fickle tide of public opinion had turned again, and now I was held in higher esteem than ever before. They did not tell me then that Professor Steele was dead, only that he was gone, not to return; they feared the shock would be too great. They assured me, however, that the humiliated and penitent villagers were convinced that I—harmless child that I was—had not been guilty of any very grievous wrong; I had been sinned against rather than sinning.

Those were happy days, the days of my convalescence. They were all so kind to me, my friends at the parsonage I mean. It is true that the people around us were assiduously attentive; they were mortified and angry with themselves; they were anxious to atone for their temporary estrangement, and literally overwhelmed me with kindness. I endeavored to appear and even to feel grateful, but they had doubted me—I could not forget that. Ruth's dear, warm-hearted little boys, and Stella, my blue-eyed darling, were overjoyed to know that aunt Anna would get well.

Leonard's brother was still there. He, too, was kind; he brought me new books, fresh flowers and early fruits, and when I was strong enough gave me long rides upon the beach. I did not find it at all difficult to feel very grateful for his numberless acts of kindness. I surmised that he had learned the history of the few past months, and his generous heart was stirred to pity. I believe there was a little mystery about him that I have not explained. He was Leonard's half-brother only. I was not mistaken in supposing him to be the gentleman who once tenanted that cottage over the way from my own old home, although I found that cousin Leonard was not aware of his close proximity at the time of his coming for me. Mr. Peyton had omitted to inform him of the change in his locality.

It seems that sweet Ellen Peyton was constitutionally delicate. The knowledge of her hereditary consumptive tendencies kept her husband in a state of continual alarm. Soon after I left the city he took her to her father's house in Western Michigan, hoping that the change of climate, coupled with the warm, fostering tenderness she was sure to find under the old roof-tree, would prove beneficial. But all his care was vain. She died, bidding her husband the calm good-night of the Christian, in the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal.

He lingered, for the Angel of Death still stood upon the threshold. He saw the mother of his young wife laid to rest by the side of her darling, and then—keeping his little one with him—he wandered away, hardly knowing or caring whither, till he found himself in California—our El Dorado of the West. Here he entered into business. It was from San Francisco that he sent the little

Stella to the care of her friends upon the Atlantic shore. The dear child had travelled quite extensively for so diminutive a maiden.

In the meantime a note came to me from the trustees of the seminary. They were profuse in apologies, petitions for pardon, and humble hopes that I would be willing to overlook the past, and honor them by returning to a position that they were sure no other could so creditably fill. They had procured an able substitute for that unprincipled Professor Steele, but my place was still vacant—they had purposely left it so. They wished no one to fill it but myself. Do you suppose anything could have induced me to enter that Inquisition again?

Good cousin Leonard spared me the pain of replying. He took it upon himself to notify them that, while I thanked them for this evidence of renewed esteem, yet, as the sunshine of their favor had once been withdrawn from me without a cause, I feared that it might happen again; in any case I did not wish to risk the painful liability, and he assured them my friends entirely approved my decision. Thus ended my connection with Belton Seminary for ever.

During the days of my convalescence Lizzie Garfield called around to see me. She whispered at parting that her parents had withdrawn their opposition, and in another month or so she expected to become Mrs. Tom Rushford.

I sit by an open window that looks out upon the sea. Moonbeams quiver among the waves that ripple and break upon the shore. They call me an invalid still, but mine is no languid pulse. Health and strength are rapidly returning. Four years ago this day I looked upon the dead faces of my parents. Sorrow and joy have been meted out to me since then. To-night I see no cloud in all my sky.

Arthur Peyton has asked me to be his wife. I am not fair, like the one who sleeps; I do not think he can ever love me quite so fondly as he loved that gentle, beautiful woman. Sometimes this thought brings a little sadness to the heart that I have given him; but I strive to put it from me as a weak and selfish feeling. I believe that I am necessary to his happiness, as he is to mine. I know that he will be tender and true. Have I not seen his tenderness?

He has asked me to be a mother to his little girl. The little girl that I have so long called my blue-eyed Stella, my sweet-voiced darling! The dear child that loves me so, that I so love, that I so loved when I first listened to the echo of her baby voice. It seems wonderful that I did not know her, but years have changed her much.

I am going to try to fill the void to them, to be a faithful wife and loving mother.

Wherever we go, may love brighten and bless our home, as it did that home, the memory of which haunts me still, the home of the years ago in that cottage "Over the Way!"

#### NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER.

NEARER to life's winter, wife,  
We are drawing nearer,  
Memories of our blessed spring  
Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the summer's heat we've toiled,  
Through the autumn weather  
We have almost passed, sweet wife,  
Hand in hand together.

Time was hearts were, well as feet,  
Lighter, I remember,  
April's locks of gold are turned  
Silver this November.

Flowers are fewer than at first,  
And the way grows drearer,  
For unto life's winter, wife,  
We are drawing nearer.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife,  
We are drawing nearer;  
The last milestone on the way  
To our sight grows clearer.

Some whose hands we held grow faint,  
And lay down to slumber,  
Looking backward, we to-day  
All their graves may number.

Heights we've sought we've failed to climb,  
Fruits we've failed to gather;  
But what matter, since we've still  
Jesus and each other.

#### AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

MANY of the old citizens of New Orleans will remember the case of M. Pierre Duassant and daughter, though over forty years have elapsed since it was the exciting matter of the day.

M. Pierre Duassant was one of the old and wealthy families, and the name is still scattered through Louisiana. He had achieved great wealth as a merchant in New Orleans, and, having retired from business, lived in refined elegance in a mansion at the upper end of Chartres street with only one daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and his solitary child. M. Pierre Duassant, with all the pride of family, joined to that of his great wealth, looked to the very highest alliance for Mademoiselle Natalie, and sometimes gave out vague hints that nothing less than a visit to France, and a union with the blood of the old aristocrats, would satisfy his cravings. There was little wonder, therefore, that when a New Yorker, travelling on business for his employers in that city, met Natalie and inspired in the girl's breast a passion, that M. Pierre indignantly rejected the suitor, and denied him all access to Natalie, though without treating his daughter harshly.

Waterton, the lover, left New Orleans, and for a year nothing was heard of him by the father,

though the servants well knew that a correspondence was kept up between him and Natalie, and that many presents found their way to the young lady from New York. At the time of Waterton's residence in New Orleans he had always openly professed his belief in the supernatural, and, though an educated man, avowed his reliance in charms and protections against evil spirits, especially showing a desire to become acquainted with the Obi and other charms and philtres of the negroes.

At the end of about a year M. Pierre was taken sick, a slight indisposition at first, but growing upon him week by week, until he could not leave his bed. During this time nothing could be more attentive and self-sacrificing than Natalie. Night and day she was with him, and no food or medicine was administered but by her hand. Long afterwards, when this was discussed, and the servants related their knowledge, which they had not dared do during the progress of the events, they told of the almost unconcealed action of Natalie in mixing something which she poured from a black vial, always carried in her bosom, in every dish of food offered to her father, and of the fact that upon one day, when an untasted bowl of soup was sent away from his bedside, and eaten by a mulatto body servant of M. Pierre's, it made him deathly sick, from which he took several days to recover.

All this went on from day to day, and the servants, of whom there were over twenty in the house, discussed the matter among themselves, and made no hesitation in declaring in their own circle that M. Pierre was being poisoned by inches, and could not last many days longer. The attending physician was a young Alabamian, who had long been an admirer of Natalie's, but who hoped little from the well-known pride of the father. Whether he knew of what was going on and closed his eyes to it in the idea of removing a barrier to his hopes, or whether he was really a partner in the crime is something that was never elicited; but certain it is that nothing was ever suspected outside of that household, until it was announced that M. Pierre's sickness must end fatally, and several of his relatives were sent for. Among those who came, though not sent for, was one Dr. Cassard, from Baton Rouge, a cousin of M. Pierre's. He was a man of science, educated in France. He arrived, and within an hour, at the bedside of his relative, his suspicions were aroused. He was a man of sense and executive ability, and within another hour the servants had been examined and questioned, and the result was an appeal, privately, to the authorities, the search of Natalie, without finding the mysterious black vial, and the confinement of the young lady to her room.

The physician who had attended M. Pierre was not again admitted, and the inquiry went on. It was shown that during all the time of her father's illness Natalie had never left the house but to walk in the adjacent gardens, and though every chemist and druggist of the city was examined, none of them had sold her poison or drug of any kind, save the prescriptions written by Dr. Edwards, the attending physician, which were always sent by a servant. Natalie's maid had brought her letters from Waterton from the Post Office, and during the sickness no presents or packages had arrived. The letters of Waterton were found, but nothing to criminate in them, save here and there a mysterious line, alluding to the time when her father "must consent to their marriage, if she, Natalie, would but continue steadily on."

Natalie was asked for an explanation of these passages, but only answered by bursts of fearfully passionate tears, and fainting spells, and with shrieking supplication to be allowed to see her father.

At last, when it was found that no skill could save him, the fact was announced to her, and her terrible ravings induced them to give way and allow her an interview, alone, as she requested. Those who ushered her into the room with the dying man only saw her clasped in his arms, both crying and sobbing, when the door was closed and they were left alone for an hour. What transpired, or what confession was made in that hour none ever knew. When she left the room she was rigid and deathly pale and fearless.

"Poor child!" the old man only said, "she is innocent. Do not let her suffer. God only knows the misery she must endure. I charge you that she must not be troubled any more, she is innocent!"

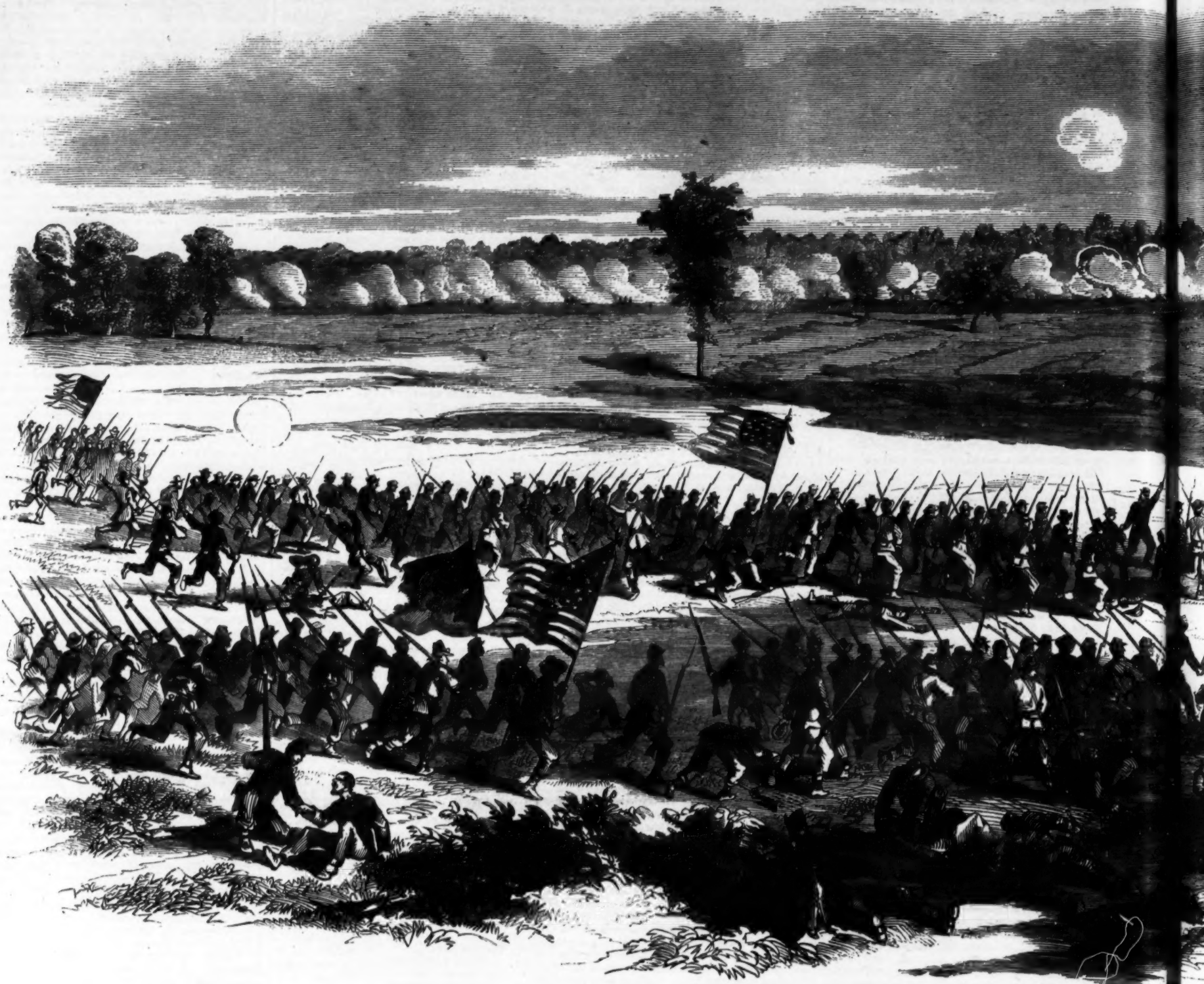
And an hour afterwards M. Pierre Duassant was dead, an announcement that found Natalie in her chamber just breathing away her last sigh from an opened vein, and barely able to acknowledge her understanding of the intelligence.

No elucidation of this mystery was ever given. If an analysis was ever made of M. Pierre's stomach the result was not made public, but those who thought upon the matter formed a theory that Waterton had sent poison to Natalie in his letters, with directions to administer it to her father, telling her that it was a charm to bring about his consent to their marriage, and that the confiding girl believed it and acted accordingly.

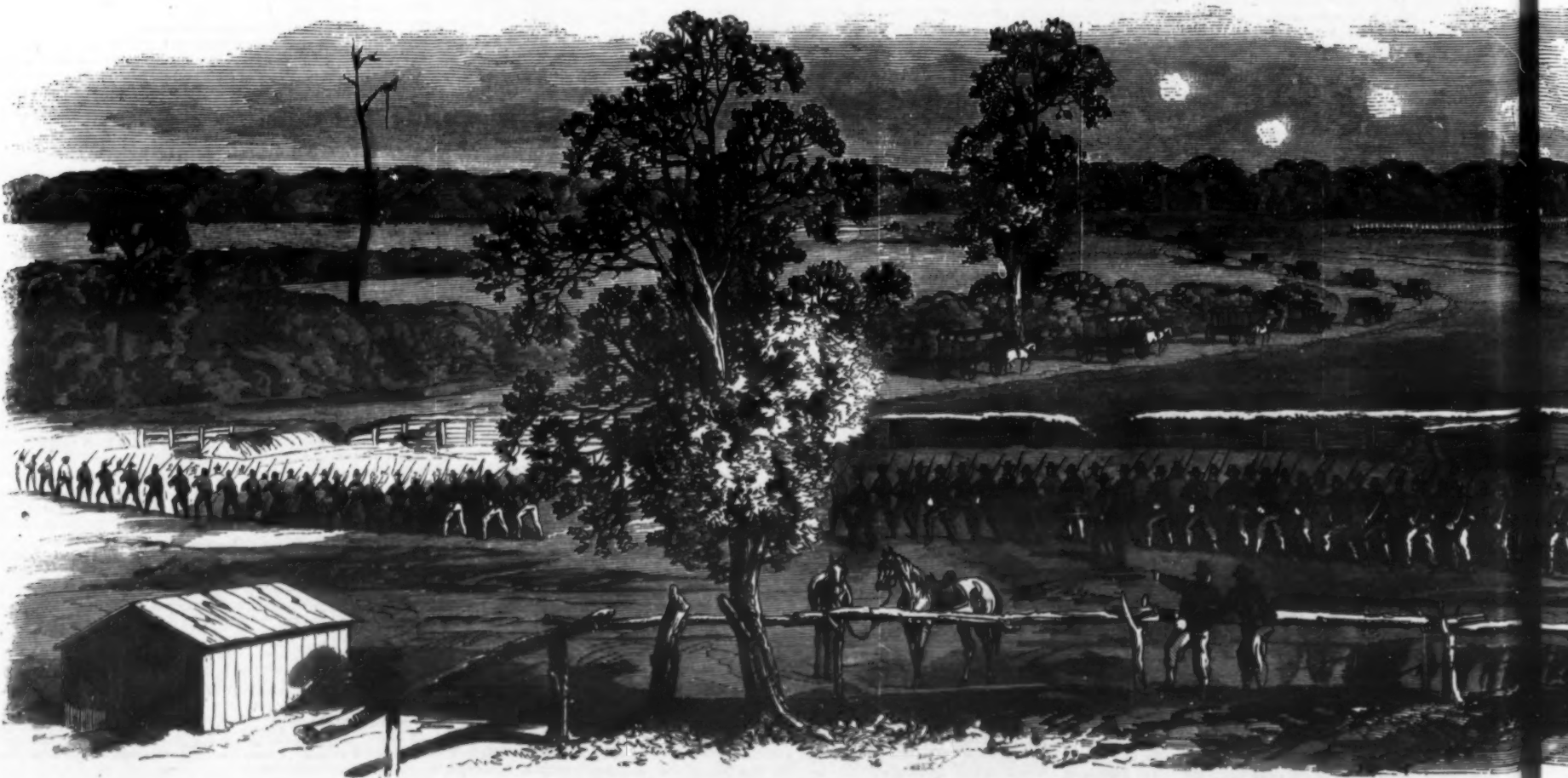
This is the only hypothesis ever arranged for the double death, but there were those who, believing that Doctor Edwards knew more of the matter than he chose to tell, finally drove him from New Orleans to some obscure locality.

POVERTY A RELATIVE TERM.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with \$10,000 a year suffer more for want of means than others with \$300. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is \$10,000, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is as true as God's word. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among working people than among those who are called rich.



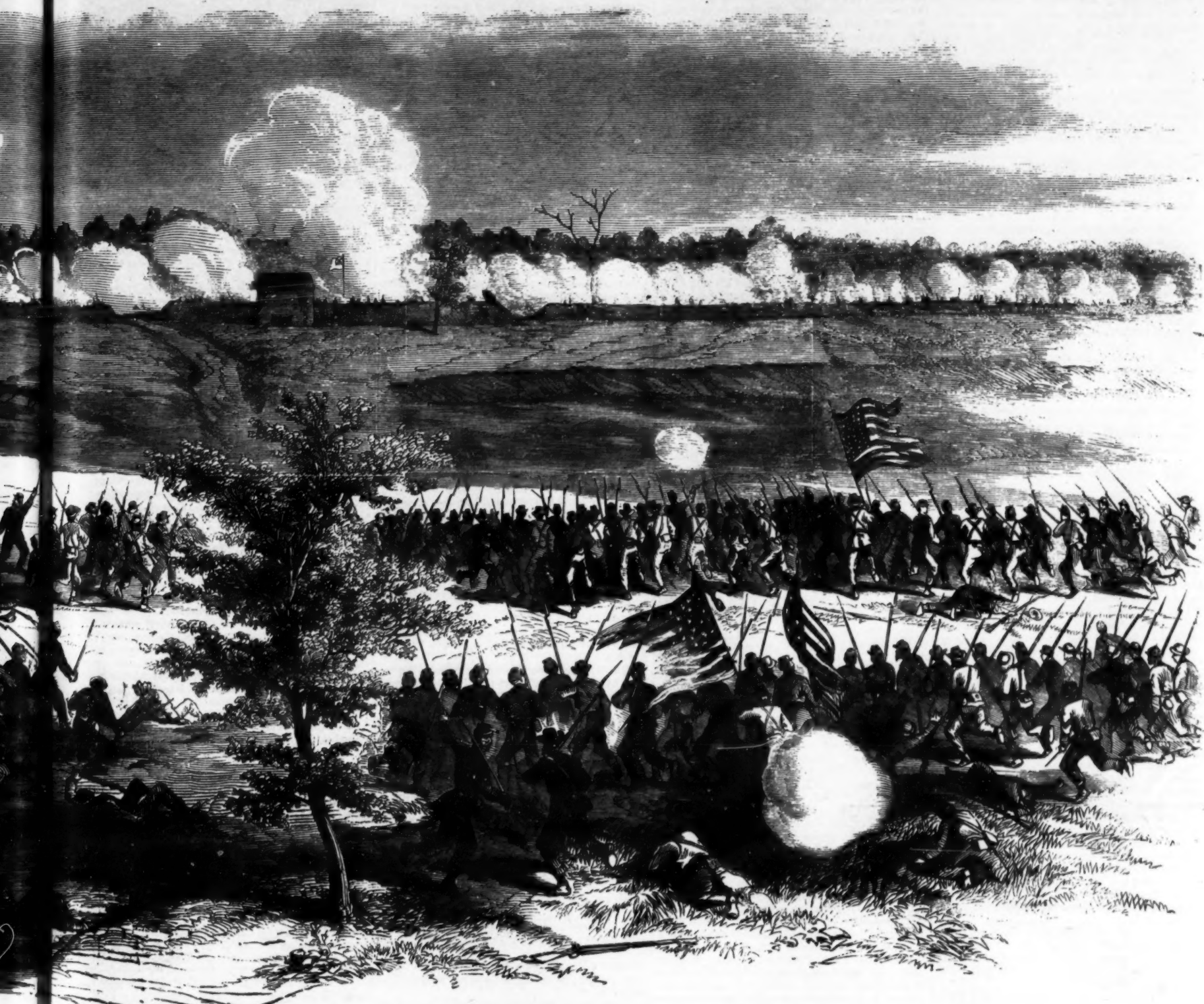


GRANT'S CAMPAIGN SOUTH OF THE JAMES—BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH, SEPT. 30—THE FIFTH CORPS (WADING)



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN SOUTH OF THE JAMES—BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH—ADVANCE OF THE ARMY





S (WARRING AND CARRYING THE ENEMY'S FORT ON THE LEFT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



E AND THE WOODS IN LINE OF BATTLE.—SKETCHED ON THE LEFT FROM THE BLACK HOUSE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



## FATE.

BY MAUD.

Found and lost within an hour,  
Hope's bright star no longer gleams;  
I have seen him, and another  
Claims the ideal of my dreams.

On his kingly brow hath Nature  
Placed a regal crown she brought  
From the treasured store of Genius,  
Set with gems by Learning wrought.

Lord, forgive my adoration  
Of thy perfect work in him;  
Surely I were more than human  
To avoid that moment's sin.

Life's fair morning have I squandered,  
Hoping for this priceless gem,  
Now, alas! to find it sparkling  
In another's diadem.

Is it strange that I should covet—  
This command should be forgot?  
"Anything which is thy neighbor's  
Henceforth thou shalt covet not."

Oh, remember, ere you censure  
My involuntary sin,  
Could I, unmoved, to those tones listen,  
Which the hearts of all did win?

## NINA MARSH;

OR,

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

MEANWHILE Katie slept on, and the night wore away. A gray chilliness poured in at the windows, giving a strange pallor to the little face which lay so calmly pillowed on Nina's arm. Nina had scarcely moved all through the night, lest she should disturb those quiet slumbers, but now she slightly raised herself, and beckoned to Mrs. Trent. The housekeeper got up and came to the bedside, leaning over the child for several minutes. When she at last rose she was very pale.

"Did you hear any sound just now?" she asked. "Any struggle or movement?" "She sighed two or three times in her sleep. Don't disturb her, Mrs. Trent," added Nina, apprehensively, as the other stooped down again to the bed.

"Nothing will ever disturb her again," replied the housekeeper in a tone of solemn earnestness; and then Nina knew that the little one she had loved, almost as a mother loves her child, had been taken from her by death. She lifted the wan, still face from her bosom and laid it on the pillow, kissed lingeringly the motionless lips, and then went away to meet her new grief alone, and battle with it as she best could. But as she passed Captain Marsh's room to reach her own she found the door ajar, and Cyril came out.

"I have not attempted to go to bed," he said; "but I dared not intrude upon you in the sick room. How is Katie?"

Nina gave a helpless look up at him, and struggled to speak.

"I know what you would say," continued Cyril, drawing her close to him, and holding her tight. "I feared it must be so before morning; but, Nina, we dare not grieve for Katie; we know that 'it is well with the child.'"

"But it is so hard to part with her," said Nina, striving with her tears.

"I can understand that perfectly, for I loved Katie as much as if she had been my own sister. But there is something very hopeful in the death of a little innocent child. I know it is hard to part with her—hard for me, but much harder for you. Only we must try and realize her gain, and remember it is very great. She gives us up, but she gains in return for this sacrifice a happiness immeasurably above anything we could have hoped for or obtained for her here. Try and feel that."

"I will. Thank you, Cyril, for being so good to me; but it would be best for me to go to my own room for a little while."

"I think it would; but you won't make yourself ill, Nina? Recollect that you are Katie's charge to me, and I am to take care of you. I will give you an hour to yourself, and then put on your bonnet and come and join me on the terrace. You have had no sleep to speak of for several nights, and a little walk would do you more good than anything."

But Nina felt all the better now for his kind words and protecting manner. The bitterness had gone from her tears, and as they flowed they healed her wounds. After a time she went down, as he had bidden her do, and they paced the terrace silently together for a full hour. Then he drew her in-doors again, ordered the breakfast, and poured her out a cup of strong coffee with his own hand. He did not force her to eat, but with respect to the coffee he was perfectly obdurate. And she was repaid for the effort afterwards, for she felt calmer and stronger all through the day than she could have believed possible.

Mr. Marsh would not acknowledge, even to himself, that he could have any partiality for one daughter above another, but certainly in his heart of hearts he loved Katie better than the other two. Katie's obedience had always, of necessity, been unquestioning; whereas Madeline's indolence and Nina's wilfulness had each angered him at times in different degrees. She was the child of the house, too, and we all know how desolate the house is where children have been, and no longer are. Mr. Marsh was one of those men who grow stern in their grief. Those who did not know him might have thought him angry instead of sorrowful. He made a few conscientious efforts to comfort his wife and install into her mind the

philosophy of quiet endurance; then he fled from her tears as if they stung him, shut himself up in the library, and worked hard at his accounts.

Madeline hardly knew what to do. She did not suffer inordinately, but she had an idea that it would look better for her not to appear absorbed in her work as heretofore. Finally she came to a compromise. She devised a mourning screen, which consisted of a large tomb in white wool, with a black prond, and on this Madeline worked with infinite relish and a clear conscience.

Nina suffered greatly, but Cyril was by her, and he was teaching her gradually to find comfort and alleviation in doing her duty to others. Mrs. Marsh had no longer reason to complain of either want of affection or undutifulness on Nina's part.

"Will all this buy back the past?" had Nina said to Cyril the day Katie was laid in the tomb. She had been at her mother's side all through those sad and solemn preparations, and when Mrs. Marsh had cried herself into a restless sleep, Nina had crept down with a bursting heart to gain some comfort from Cyril. He dragged off his mourning scarf as she entered, and went to meet her with a smile.

"I used often to try and be gay," she said, in her plaintive voice, and clinging close to his arm, "and I thought the past might be forgiven me; but I have never felt so much as if it really would be as I do now."

"Because you have never striven so earnestly before to do your duty, Nina."

"I suppose that is it. But duty isn't always easy. Ah! if one could only command one's thoughts as well as one's actions!"

"But, Nina, your present work is a labor of love."

"I know it is; but, Cyril, I did so want to be alone to-day when it was all going on. To have to put one's own feelings entirely aside for others is hard."

"It is what we all should do."

"Yes, I know, but I am only a novice yet, Cyril, and sometimes I sigh, and sometimes I feel as if I must kick against the pricks. I had made up my mind to follow Katie, and see the very last of her, and I could not."

"It would not have been right that you should; it would have been too much for you, my poor Nina. You were better at home. In tending Katie's mother you were doing more good, believe me."

Cyril spoke very quietly, but in his secret heart he was deeply touched at this dry-eyed misery. Mr. Marsh had been urging that Cyril should retire from the army and live with them. Hitherto Captain Marsh had opposed this wish, not being able to see clearly which way his duty lay. But when he found that he could bring some comfort to this desolate household, Cyril no longer hesitated, and took immediate steps for the sale of his commission. He did not intend to live permanently at Beechwood, but hoped, in the course of a few months, when they should be better able to dispense with his company, to get some diplomatic appointment through the interest of the then prime minister, who was a connection of his mother's family.

## CHAPTER XIX.—A TRIP INTO YORKSHIRE.

LORD GILLINGHAM, when on the scent of mischief, was like a bloodhound on the scent of prey. You might dodge him, get behind the shelter of a wood, throw lures in his path, fling him dainty morsels of meat, but nothing drew him out of the track. He would dodge as you dodged, smile at all your lures, and eat your dainty morsels running; but he never wavered from his cruel purpose one moment, never let anything hinder him on the way. Although he had assumed anger and incredulity at the discovery made by Mr. Barbary, he had secretly rejoiced at the prospect before him of a speedy revenge. His great object was to discover the motive of this fraud, and the motive must have been a strong one, he knew. A man of Colonel St. George's position does not commit an act so compromising and dangerous without some very urgent temptation. But, first of all, he thought it advisable to make sure that a forgery had really been committed, since people cannot go safely to work on suppositions, however strong.

Mrs. St. George had, it appeared, died, or, at any rate, been buried, at Woodruff, a little secluded village near Doncaster. His lordship had intended proceeding there at once, only an obstinate attack of gout had confined him to his room for over three weeks; but no sooner had he recovered than he determined to put his plan into immediate execution.

The earl's little expedition caused quite a flutter of surprise in the servants' hall. The valet was not to accompany his master—a thing hitherto unprecedented—and he took with him nothing but a small carpet-bag of unpretending exterior. It was evident that his lordship meant to travel incognito, and had some mysterious purpose in view. Lord Gillingham drank with unusual moderation the night before his departure, and rose early the next morning, looking a trifle fresher than his wont.

"When are we to expect your lordship?" inquired the butler, when he came into the breakfast-room to receive his orders.

"When you see me," said the earl, shortly. Then his lordship rose from table and paid a hasty visit to the stables. At half-past eight, to a second, he was in the carriage; at eleven o'clock the groom had returned alone.

"Well, where did he take his ticket to?" was the inquiry that met him on all sides; for this sudden expedition, so peculiarly carried out, had, as we have said, excited great curiosity in the servants' hall.

"To London," answered the groom, elbowing his way out of the group that had collected about him. "What's the use of your bothering yourself about my lord's doings?"

"Or Mark's temper?" said one of the maids,

giving him a glance of saucy defiance. "We all of us know he's as sour as a May gooseberry."

"And as green," said another maid, who had a personal slight of her own to avenge, and would not miss such an excellent opportunity.

"Whereas you're yellor from jealousy," retorted the groom; and although Maria tossed her head, and looked as if she had never heard of such a thing, it was generally felt that Mark had had quite the best of it.

Meanwhile his lordship was travelling towards London as fast as an express train could carry him. On reaching the terminus he immediately jumped into a cab and made direct for the Great Northern Railway, where he took a ticket for Doncaster by the mid-day express, which was close upon starting. When he reached Doncaster it was, of course, late, and the earl could only eat a chop at the principal hotel, take a modified edition of his usual night dose of brandy-and-water, and go to bed.

The next morning, at about eleven, he ordered a carriage, and drove to Woodruff. It was a pretty little village, watered by the pebbly Don, and harbored within the shelter of some low grass hills. The modest vicarage house stood at the entrance of the village, and the river bounded the neat lawn in front, and reflected the clusters of violets, blue and white, that sweetened the bank. The house itself was hidden in a clinging envelope of ivy, and appeared to the earl a singularly comfortable abode, for, as he divined truly enough, the walls were thin from age, and rejoiced in manifold cracks and crevices not needed for the purposes of ventilation.

Lord Gillingham got out of his carriage at the gate, and, ordering the man to put up his horse at the inn, he walked up the little gravel path and knocked at the door. His summons was answered by a ruddy-faced little maiden, who was evidently not accustomed to see strangers, for she blushed, and trembled, yet curtsied as if her wits had quite forsaken her and she was dubious as to when they might return.

"Is your master at home?" inquired the earl, in his sharp, authoritative way.

"Yes, sir, master's at home," she just managed to gasp.

"Could I see him?"

"Yes, sir, you can see master," returned the girl, but she made no effort to secure him the privilege.

The earl's patience was not exemplary, as we have had reason to note ere this. When he found the stupidity of the rustic handmaiden increasing rather than diminishing, he took the liberty of following out his own suggestions, without any aid from her. Quietly moving her from his path, he walked into a neat little sitting-room, the door of which stood invitingly open. "Tell your master he's wanted," said the earl, coolly seating himself in the best armchair before the very eyes of the astonished maid.

The girl precipitately departed, and, in the course of three or four minutes, a tall, elderly gentleman entered the room.

"Mr. Caudlum, I believe?" said the earl, rising and bowing.

"That is my name, sir," answered the reverend gentleman, bowing in his turn. "May I inquire whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name is St. George, at your service."

"St. George!—St. George?" muttered the other reflectively. "Surely I have heard that name before!"

A ray of evil light shot into the earl's eyes. Nevertheless, he managed to speak with calmest indifference.

"You may possibly have done so, for I have been given to understand that a relative of mine passed some years of her life in this village, and was buried in your churchyard."

"Ah! that's it. Thank you, sir. I am always grateful to any one who will help me out of any dilemma of this sort. My head is gone from overstudy. I have no memory at all—none in the least."

"At the same time, I dare say you recollect Mrs. St. George, do you not?"

"Now you refer to the subject, sir, I do recollect Mrs. St. George; a very amiable person—very amiable indeed."

"She has been dead rather over a year, I think?"

"There, sir, I must own you get quite beyond me. I am totally incapable of dates; but I will inquire of Dorothy."

"Thank you, I should be sorry to trouble Miss Dorothy," answered the earl, with suppressed irony; "it would be still more satisfactory if I were to examine the register."

"So it would, sir. Excuse me for not having thought of it. I will fetch the register immediately."

Mr. Caudlum left the room as he finished speaking; but in less than two minutes he returned, bearing a ponderous volume in his hand, which he set down on the table and opened at the year 1800.

"I can't trust myself at all, so far as dates are concerned," said Mr. Caudlum, "therefore I will leave you to find the entry you want; but, if I might be allowed to make a suggestion, I should certainly say that Mrs. St. George could not have died in the year 1800, as I could not have recollected or assisted at her burial had that been the case, as I should only have been two years old at the time; but, if you should find any difficulties in your search, Dorothy would, I know, be happy to give you any assistance."

"Thank you, I shall manage very well."

And the earl began to turn over the pages of the book before him quickly and eagerly. He knew that the supposed date of Mrs. St. George's death was the 11th of November, 1850, and he soon found the entry he sought, which accorded in every way with the extract in his possession. But it seemed to the earl that the figures here were also sadly crowded, whilst the difference in the

formation of the two 1's was even more marked than the ink, too, was much paler in the second than in the first. Still this was small evidence; but suddenly the earl's face brightened with savage satisfaction. The next entry he found to be of an earlier date than the one preceding it, Mrs. St. George's funeral having been entered on the 11th, and the following one on the 7th. The earl called Mr. Caudlum to his side.

"Were you aware, sir," he asked, pointing to the register, "that you had made an error of precedence here? Be good enough to mark that Mrs. St. George was buried on the 11th of November, and James Morrell, who directly follows her, on the 7th."

"Dear bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Caudlum, sharply. "How could I have made such a mistake? My dear sir, only see what it is to have such a wretched memory! And yet—excuse me," he added, reflectively, "this seems very strange. Dorothy invariably helps me in any business of this kind, and, although I cannot trust myself, I have always found that I could trust her."

"I have no doubt whatever that you made the entry correctly enough, but that the register has been tampered with since."

"Tampered with!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman, indignantly; "that is quite impossible!"

"Impossible so far as you are concerned, of course; but you must occasionally have visitors who are not to be trusted. Just now, for instance, if I had expressed a wish to see and consult Miss Dorothy, you would have fetched her yourself, would you not?"

"I believe I should."

"Very well; then what more easy than for me to have made some slight alteration in the figures during your absence?"

"True," answered Mr. Caudlum, looking painfully perplexed, and eyeing his visitor suspiciously. Lord Gillingham smiled.

"You need not be afraid of me," he said; "but pray try and recollect if you have had a person here lately—a stranger, or otherwise—and whether there was anything peculiar in his conduct."

Mr. Caudlum shook his head.

"I will ask Dorothy. I assure you I am not to be trusted. You shall consult her."

Mr. Caudlum got as far as the door, when sudden thought struck him, and he returned, caught up the register, and carried it away with him.

"But surely it would save you some trouble if you were to ring for Miss Dorothy, instead of going for her yourself," said the earl.

Five minutes later there was a shuffling sound in the hall, betokening some slight want of unanimity between the parson and Dorothy; then the door opened, and Mr. Caudlum came in, holding his refractory daughter by the hand.

She was a tall, gaunt-looking girl, of about sixteen, with unkempt hair and pale, watery blue eyes, which looked as if they had pored over difficult lessons until all the brightness had been studied out of them. Her lips were sullen in expression, and her lids were ordinarily downcast over the pale, shy eyes; but every now and then you caught a gleam of intelligence which irradiated the strange, wild face, and gave it a sudden grace and mobility. Altogether Dorothy seemed interesting, peculiar and decidedly original.

"Dorothy," said Mr. Caudlum, loftily, "this gentleman having heard of your wonderful memory, wishes to consult you upon a subject of special interest to himself. Sit down."

Dorothy obeyed.

"I wished to ask Miss Dorothy," said his lordship courteously, "if she remembers any stranger visiting this house during the last year."

"Yes," unhesitatingly answered the girl.

"Was it a lady or gentleman?"

"A gentleman—tall, six feet high, aquiline nose, dark brown eyes, curly hair—almost black—and large whiskers."

"Very good," commented her father—"quite clear, and, I have no doubt, accurate. You see now my system with Dorothy, in order that she, personally, may counteract my deficiencies. Is there anything more you recollect about the gentleman, Dorothy?"

Dorothy reflected a moment.

"He wore a blue cravat," she said.

The earl smiled contentedly—the whole description tallied notably with the colonel himself.

"Anything further?" again questioned Mr. Caudlum.

"He wore a ring on the third finger of the left hand."

"Do you remember what sort of a ring it was?" inquired the earl, with a red glow on his sinister face.

"Yes; it was of virgin gold, with a large diamond in it, cut in the shape of a pear."

"There—I told you!" exclaimed Mr. Caudlum, with a delighted glance at the earl. "Dorothy is invaluable. Go on, Dorothy, if you have anything more to say."

"I don't think I have."

"You couldn't tell me, I suppose, what day of the month this person came?" said the earl, with an insinuating smile.

"You do Dorothy injustice," interrupted her father. "I can answer for her being capable of that much. Tell the gentleman, Dorothy."

"It was on the 21st of August—exactly nineteen months ago."

"And he called here, and asked to see the register of deaths?"

"He did."

"Can you tell me if he was left alone at all during his stay?"

"Yes, he was."

"Had he a pen and ink?"

"Yes, for my father had just been writing out the certificate for him, and left both pen and ink on the table. I remember this particularly, for the gentleman blotted the tablecloth, and Eliza—Eliza is the servant—and I had to take out the stain with salts of lemon."



"Thank you. I am very much obliged to you for this information. If you will answer me one more question I will not trouble you any longer. Can you tell me how long the gentleman was left alone with the register in this room?"

"For close upon seven minutes I should say. My father came for me because they wanted to know some of the particulars of Mrs. St. George's death, and I was translating *Æschylus's 'Medea'* into English verse, and didn't want to go; and then we quarrelled about it; and at last my father pulled me in—the same as he did to-day," concluded Dorothy, resentfully.

"I am sorry to have put you to inconvenience," said the earl, with the courtesy he could so well assume at times. "Allow me to thank you for your information, which will be of great service to me; and now I hope I may not keep you from your studies any longer."

And he rose, bowed, and wished her good morning. Dorothy gave him one of her shy, gleaming looks, and darted out.

"Now, sir," said the earl, when he and Mr. Caudium were once more alone together, "you see that I was correct in my surmise. The person whom your daughter describes so accurately altered the date of Mrs. St. George's death for some purpose of his own which I hope to discover. We may be very certain that you would not have inserted Mrs. St. George's name first in the register if she had not been buried before James Morrell."

"I remember nothing of this," answered Mr. Caudium, looking distressed. "You had better wait a minute, and let me recall Dorothy."

"It seems too bad—" began the earl.

But Mr. Caudium was already gone, and soon returned, accompanied by Dorothy, coming as a willing witness this time. She had plastered her fair hair close to her cheeks, arranged her disordered dress, and tied a bright red ribbon round her neck. Dorothy looked quite good-looking, and was pleasantly conscious of the fact.

"Dorothy," began her father, "we should be glad to know if you recollect anything about Mrs. St. George's death."

"She died on Thursday, and was buried on a Monday. I remember it distinctly, because it was the first day of the month; and your old clerk, James Morrell, died just after the funeral very suddenly of disease of the heart, and was buried on the 7th. I couldn't be mistaken about the date, it is all so perfectly clear in my mind."

"That will do, Dorothy: you can go," said her father, waving his hand in sign of dismissal.

But Dorothy was in no hurry to depart. Confident as to the effect of her red ribbon, she wished to linger to note her triumph. The earl's courtesy had brought back, by a sudden inspiration, the old girl's natural feeling of pleasure in admiration which she had hitherto smothered in Latin declensions and Greek particles. Poor child! those sensations had a most inopportune birth, for the earl noted nothing of her little feminine artifices to gain his attention, and was quite absorbed in his own scheme of revenge.

Presently Dorothy did depart, having received another reminder from her father; and then Lord Gillingham also arose, thanked Mr. Caudium for the information he had given him, and took his leave.

#### A SUBMARINE VESSEL.

A CORRESPONDENT who has been down in the submarine vessel recently invented and manufactured in this city by S. B. Merriam, and just tested by himself and the Government near New York, sends us the following account of his experiences: "Entering the singular vessel from the top, the door was closed, and the order, 'Men, to your places,' given to the little crew, who promptly obeyed. When everything was ready, Mr. Merriam turned some valves and the compressed air came hissing in, producing an unpleasant sensation upon the drum of the ear, of which one was at once relieved by inspiring and swallowing. The vessel seemed perfectly under control, for we stopped when half down to the bottom, and raised the door on the bottom of the boat, but the air inside of course prevented any water from coming in, even enough to wet the soles of our feet. One of the crew from your city improved the opportunity to dive out and come up on the surface of the water, much to the astonishment of the spectators on the bank. He afterwards returned and entered the vessel from the bottom, when the door was closed, another and heavier rush of compressed air came in, and we were on the bed of the river, 20 odd feet under water, this distance requiring an additional pressure to resist the water with the door open. We could stand on the bottom of the river and not wet our feet, and at that distance under water could easily see to read by the light that came in at the glass windows. Bells ringing outside were also heard distinctly. To return to the rest of the world only a few strokes of the pumps were necessary; the air rushed out of the bottom and the boat was quickly on the surface of the water. We moved with a propeller easily under as well as upon the water, and in all respects the vessel worked so completely that its success is undoubted."

#### DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN DRAINING WHEEL.

M. ANDRÉ SANSON gives a description in the *Paris Press* of the discovery in one of the mines of Portugal of an old wheel which was doubtless employed by the Romans to raise water in the operation of draining the mine. It is well known that the hydraulic works of the Romans surpassed in extent any of those of modern times. As that great people had not the use of either steel or gunpowder, they were sometimes obliged to raise water over a ledge where modern engineers would carry it right through. In some of the mines of San Domingos they dug draining galleries nearly three miles in length, but in some places the water was raised by wheels to carry it over rocks that crossed the drift. Eight of these wheels have recently been discovered by the miners who are now working the same old mines. These wheels are made of wood, the arms and fellows of pine, and the axle and its support of oak, the fabric being remarkable for the lightness of its construction. It is supposed that these wheels cannot be less than 1,450 years old, and the wood is in a perfect state of preservation, owing to its immersion in water charged with the salts of copper and iron. From their position and construction these wheels are presumed to have been worked as treadmills by men standing with naked feet upon one side. The water was raised by one wheel into a basin, from which it was elevated another stage by the second wheel, and so on for eight stages. The wheel described by M. Sanson is on exhibition at the Academy of Arts and Trades. It is 21 feet 7 inches in diameter, and 19 inches across the face.

#### ONE DAY.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROBERTS.

I WILL not tell you when they met,  
In the limpid days of spring;  
Elder boughs were budding yet,  
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,  
But primrose and veined violet  
In the mossy turf were set,  
While meeting birds made haste to sing,  
And build with right good will.

I will tell you when they parted:  
When plenteous autumn sheaves were  
brown,  
Then they parted, heavy-hearted;  
The full rejoicing sun looked down  
As grand as in the days before—  
Only they had lost a crown;  
Only to them those days of yore  
Could come back nevermore.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell,  
Indeed, when they shall meet again,  
Except some day in paradise.  
For this they wait, one waits in pain.  
Beyond the sea of death love lies  
For ever, yesterday, to-day,  
Angels shall ask them, "If it well?"  
And they shall answer, "Yea."

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE WELL.

Nor many miles from Holworth Hall there is an old well—at a little distance from the main road—"St. Swithin's Well," famous for the icy coldness of its water in the warmest of seasons.

In the year 1755, Mr. Barnard, an old gentleman who lived at Grassfield, chanced to be walking, alone, near this well. He was followed by a huge mastiff of the true old English breed. The dog approached the brink of the well, and barked loudly. His master's attention was attracted, and he proceeded to ascertain the cause of the animal's excited state. To his surprise he beheld an infant of about a month old, wrapped in a costly brocade silk scarf, and girdled with a broad blue ribbon. Mr. Barnard was startled at the discovery, and he called to some laborers who were at work in a field hard by. They came to him immediately, but they were unable to give him any information. They declared that they had seen no one come or depart on that day.

What was to be done with the child? It was asleep, probably, when the dog gave the alarm; but the barking had aroused it, and it cried lustily. Mr. Barnard had several children of his own, but he had a horror of all other people's, especially young ones; and, while he rejoiced in saving the life of the little being, he was rather sorry that Fate had not made somebody else its benefactor. He, however, ordered one of the laborers to carry the infant to Grassfield.

When he arrived at the gate of his home, he told the man, who was carrying the child, to stop for a few minutes, in order that he might prepare his good lady for the reception of the little stranger.

He gave his wife a detailed account of all that had passed, but he could not get her to believe a single word.

"Nay, nay, Thomas," she said, "that won't do. The babe shall not be brought here. The story is too unlikely for me to credit."

"I protest, my love," he replied, "that I know no more about it than the man in the moon. Your accusation is as absurd as it is unjust. Here is the child. Look at it—poor thing!"

The old lady was exceedingly obstinate, and not easily convinced when she formed an erroneous conjecture. The cries of the infant, however, pierced her kind heart, and she took the little creature in her arms, and endeavored to soothe it. The servants thronged about the babe—especially the women; and one of them managed to console it very effectually, and afterwards to hush it to sleep.

There was an elderly lady in Grassfield who had, in her youthful days, been attached to the Court of George II. She was a shrewd and clever person, and a sort of general adviser in all cases of difficulty. She was sent for as a matter of course, and, while she was on the road, an animated discussion, relative to the parentage of the foundling, was kept up in the kitchen. Every one surmised differently; but they all agreed on one point, namely, that, if great folk deserted their young in that way, it was hard to punish the likes of them with so much rigor.

The lady of courtly experience arrived, and inspected the child with praiseworthy coolness, while she taxed her mind to say on whom the parentage probably rested.

"He seems a fine, healthy little boy," she remarked. "And, bless me, how smart he is. Well, I declare!"

"What?" asked Mr. Barnard and his wife, in the same second.

"Why, this ribbon belongs to a Knight of the Garter!" she exclaimed. And she peered up at the ceiling.

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Barnard.

"It is," she repeated; "and, what's more, it has been a good deal worn! And this scarf," she added, "belonged to some person of rank. That is very evident."

"I trust, my love," said the old gentleman to his wife, "that you will now believe what I say."

"I don't know what to make of it," she replied.

"It is the oddest thing I ever heard of."

The circumstances soon were spread, and for months were the theme of the whole country. Every young man of fortune was set down as the reputed sire; and no child in this world ever had so many mothers assigned to it.

The boy was christened Joseph, and surnamed Swithin. He was kept by Mr. Barnard till he was some four years old, and was then sent to school in York. The old gentleman would have kept him

in his house till he was older; but the number of persons who called and begged to see him, out of curiosity, made the charge extremely inconvenient. I should mention that one morning a letter was received by Mr. Barnard from a banker in York, to the following tenor:

"Sir—You will be good enough to know that a person, who calls himself Mister James Smith, has deposited in my hands the sum of three thousand pounds, which he has requested me to place to your credit; and, at the same time, to tell you that you will know how to dispose of it. Dated, at York, March, A. D. 1757."

That the money was sent on the boy's account, was very certain; and for his benefit it was immediately invested to the best advantage.

The boy grew up. The interest of the three thousand pounds was expended on his education, and, on his attaining the age of twenty-one, he was placed with one of the old merchants of Hull. He soon became a partner in the house. He died, some years ago, at the age of eighty, after amassing a very large fortune, which he bequeathed between his wife and the Foundling Hospital in London. He lived a quiet life, and was remarkably attentive to his business.

The anxiety which he displayed to ascertain who was his father was not a whit less than that which Marryat implanted in Japhet.

At elections, fairs, county meetings, and at all other gatherings of influential people, he was always to be seen, with the original broad blue ribbon across his breast; and he not unfrequently carried in his hand the identical scarf in which he had been found near St. Swithin's Well. But he was never recognised, and no clue to his paternity was ever discovered.

An now, gentle reader, having told you thus much, I will tell you a sequel, which you may believe or not, just as you please.

The people of the part of the country I have taken you to swear to this day that St. Swithin's Well has been haunted, for the last ninety years, by a fair spirit, who is sometimes seen looking down the well, and at others searching for something under the bridge near Holworth Hall.

Very few persons can be tempted to cross that bridge after nightfall, or approach the house which was once owned and occupied by Lady Bosworth.

The ghost has been described to me by several old men, who profess to have seen it, as "a tall and beautiful young woman, of, maybe, twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with long black hair and bright black eyes; high cheek bones and a very straight nose."

About eleven years ago I was staying in the house of my friend Barnard—the representative of the old gentleman who found the boy. At a large party, which consisted entirely of young men, the story above narrated was told for the benefit of those who had never heard it before.

Several asserted that the foundling was the son of the woman whose ghost haunted the well; whilst a number laughed convulsively at the idea of the belief which prompted such a supposition, and of this number I was one. The conversation became loud, if not boisterous.

An officer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, then stationed at a town about nine miles off, was at the party of which I am speaking. He called out to our host, from the other end of the table:

"Have you ever seen the ghost?"

"No," was the reply.

"Have you ever been to the well at night?"

"No; but I have crossed the bridge often, and I confess I saw no ghost, though I looked for it."

"Did you ever hear any reasonable man say that he had seen it?"

"Several."

"Who are they?"

Barnard mentioned several gentlemen whose words might be relied on.

"Oh! they were not sober, you may depend," cried out three or four who took a warm part in the conversation, which was vigorously renewed. The officer who led the opposition got up and said:

"I will go and look for the lady; though I do not mean to say that will settle the dispute, because ghosts are very fickle, and will not always 'come when you do call for them.' Will you send somebody with me that knows the spot?"

"It is more than two miles off," said Barnard.

"Never mind. Lend me the gig. It is a beautiful moonlight night."

"Well, I'll drive you down to the bridge," said the host.

The gig was ordered; the two men lighted cigars and drove off, amidst the laughter of those who remained to ridicule the expedition.

After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Barnard and the officer returned to the room where they were all sitting. They were received with a loud and unmeaning "Hooray!" by the anti-spiritualists.

The officer was pale and agitated. His silence was odd, and so was the manner in which he filled a bumper of cherry and drained it.

"Well, Jack, what is she like?" asked one of the party.

"She is something like Mrs. Randall," he said, mysteriously; "but taller and younger-looking."

"Then you did see her?"

"I did."

The greater number of us laughed, and said:

"Oh, you are evidently in the same condition as those other people were in when they saw her."

Mr. Barnard remained silent; and the officer, who was perfectly sober, after making a solemn and awful adjuration, spoke as follows:

"I jumped out at the bridge and looked under it and all round it. I saw nothing. Barnard pointed out the direction of the well, and thither I went. I walked boldly up to the brink, and there I beheld the figure of a woman, sitting with her face hidden by her hands. I confess I felt a little nervous, but I plucked up my resolution and

rapidly reasoned with myself. I approached to within about five paces of her, and said: 'What may you be doing here?' She arose and came close to me, stared vacantly in my face, and smiled. I struggled with the fear that came over me, and tried to speak again, but could not. After staring at me for a few seconds, she turned and looked about the ground. She stooped several times, as though she were in the act of taking something up into her arms. Her agony appeared intense when she found the object of her search was gone. She knelt and looked down the well. Disappointment and horror were depicted on her countenance, and she glanced inquiringly at me with the brightest black eyes that ever gleamed. My senses here failed me. I became giddy, and how I got back to the bridge I know not. For full two minutes I saw the figure. She was dressed in the richest court dress; and I heard as distinctly as possible the rustling of the silk as she walked about the brink of the well. I shall never be ashamed to tell this; nor would I scruple to take my oath to the truth of what I have stated, in any court in this kingdom. As for being tipsy, no one ever saw me the least affected by wine; and as for being led away by my imagination—as some one just now suggested—every one who knows me will admit that such is not very likely. I walked to that well with as much confidence as I would walk into my stables—I returned from it exactly as I have mentioned."

"All the old people declare," said Barnard, "that, whoever she might be, she was the mother of that child which my ancestor found near the well, and whose history I gave you this evening."

"I know nothing about that," said the officer.

"I am a perfect stranger here; and I have only described to you what I saw as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life."

#### THE NEW FRENCH RAM THE SPHYNX.

THE impenetrable ruler of France not inaptly calls the ram which we illustrate in this week's paper the *Sphinx*. As a memorial of himself it will deserve to stand.

France has striven for two centuries manfully but in vain to secure the empire of the ocean. Richelieu's "*Florent qu'onque l'île ponde*" is beautiful, but has seldom been realised.

Never, however, has France been so formidable on the ocean as now. Her armored vessels, combining the celerity given by steam, the heaviest marine artillery, and the greatest security against an enemy's missiles, are, so far as theoretical science can go, perfect. What they will prove in action is to be seen.

The *Sphinx* was built at Bacalan, near Bordeaux, by M. Arman, whose establishment is fitted for the most extensive works of the kind.

She is a ram, having a prow of cast steel under water capable of breaking the strongest plates, but which is intended to strike below the armor.

She has a shell-proof casement at the bow, carrying a 300-pounder Armstrong gun, which is expected to pierce the strongest armor, and a turret aft with two 70-pounder guns of the same make.

She has two independent screws and steering apparatus, and can thus turn readily. The keel is of peculiar shape.

Her engine is 300 horse power, and she is expected to make nine knots an hour.

Our illustrations show her at the *Cale of St. Croix* ready to launch, and also under sail. We also give a section showing her interior arrangement.

#### THE BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH, SEPT. 30.

On Friday morning, about 8 o'clock, the 1st and 3d Divisions of the 5th Corps, with Col. Hoffman's Brigade of the 3d Division, moved out on the road leading toward Poplar Tree Church, with the intention of striking the Southside railroad. Gen. Crawford, with the remainder of his Division and some new regiments, was ordered to hold the left flank and old line of the 5th Corps, having Gen. Ferrero's Division of colored troops from the 9th Corps detailed to his command temporarily. The reserve batteries were kept in position.

When Gen. Warren reached the Church, of which a sketch will be found in this week's paper, and was establishing his line, Gen. Parker of the 9th Corps, came up with the two remaining divisions of his corps, and forming on Warren's left, struck the Squirrel Level road near Peebles's farm, after passing a piece of woods the advance into which our Artist graphically portrays. They were then in full view of the entrenched line of the enemy, and a small and unfinished work, carrying 6 guns, but from some unaccountable reason failed to draw any fire from them.

Everything being now ready, the lines were ordered to advance, and after a brief defence on the part of the enemy, the works were carried by two brigades of Gen. Griffin's Division, capturing one gun and a few prisoners, consisting of dismounted cavalry and some infantry from Heath's Division. Of this charge Gen. Warren said: "A more magnificent charge was never made by any troops in any war." Our sketch will enable our readers to follow this gallant movement. Pressing through the cotton field in the foreground our gallant men in two lines are pushing down and through the hollow ground upon the rebel fort and line. Another sketch shows them in the fort, the noble Col. Welsh falling as he first of all sprang upon the parapet.

This glorious victory won, the line was then thrown forward, Gen. Parke on the left, with Wilcox's Division joining the 5th Corps, and Potter's Division the extreme left. This line captured by these manoeuvres was very feebly defended and incomplete. Our loss was trifling.

Matters thus remained until near dark, when the enemy made a flank movement, and succeeded in uncovering our left and doubling it up and capturing a few hundred prisoners. At this critical juncture, some troops from the 5th Corps were ordered up, and checked the further advance of the enemy. These two brigades were sent round by Gen. Warren in the very nick of time.

The rebels failing to make any very serious impression upon our left, suddenly retreated, and our troops busied themselves all night in throwing up entrenchments. Thus closed the day's operations.

A concluding sketch shows what to the soldiers was a cheering sight, the arrival of reinforcements by Grant's railroad on Saturday. These pushed on through the rain and amid rebel shells from the terminus to Poplar Spring Church, a distance of two miles, and thence on to the newly captured works half a mile further.

THE first institution given to our race was the Sabbath; the next was marriage. Reader, give your first thoughts to heaven, the second to your wife.

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

MANY thistles grow upon Parnassus. That must be the reason why so many donkeys browse there.

WOMAN is the converse of the great human proposition.





SCENES OF ARMY LIFE—DRAILING OUT LIQUOR TO SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.

#### CAMP SCENES.

##### The Coming Election in the Army.

The loyal States, with few exceptions, having made new laws to recognise the right of soldiers to vote while absent from their several States in the service of the Government, and to establish the necessary regulations for this exceptional vote, the

military authorities have issued the following regulations from the office of the Adjutant-General:

"In order to secure a fair distribution of tickets among soldiers in the field who by the laws of their respective States are entitled to vote at the approaching elections, the following rules and regulations are prescribed:

"1st—One agent for each army corps may be designated by the State Executive, or by the State Com-

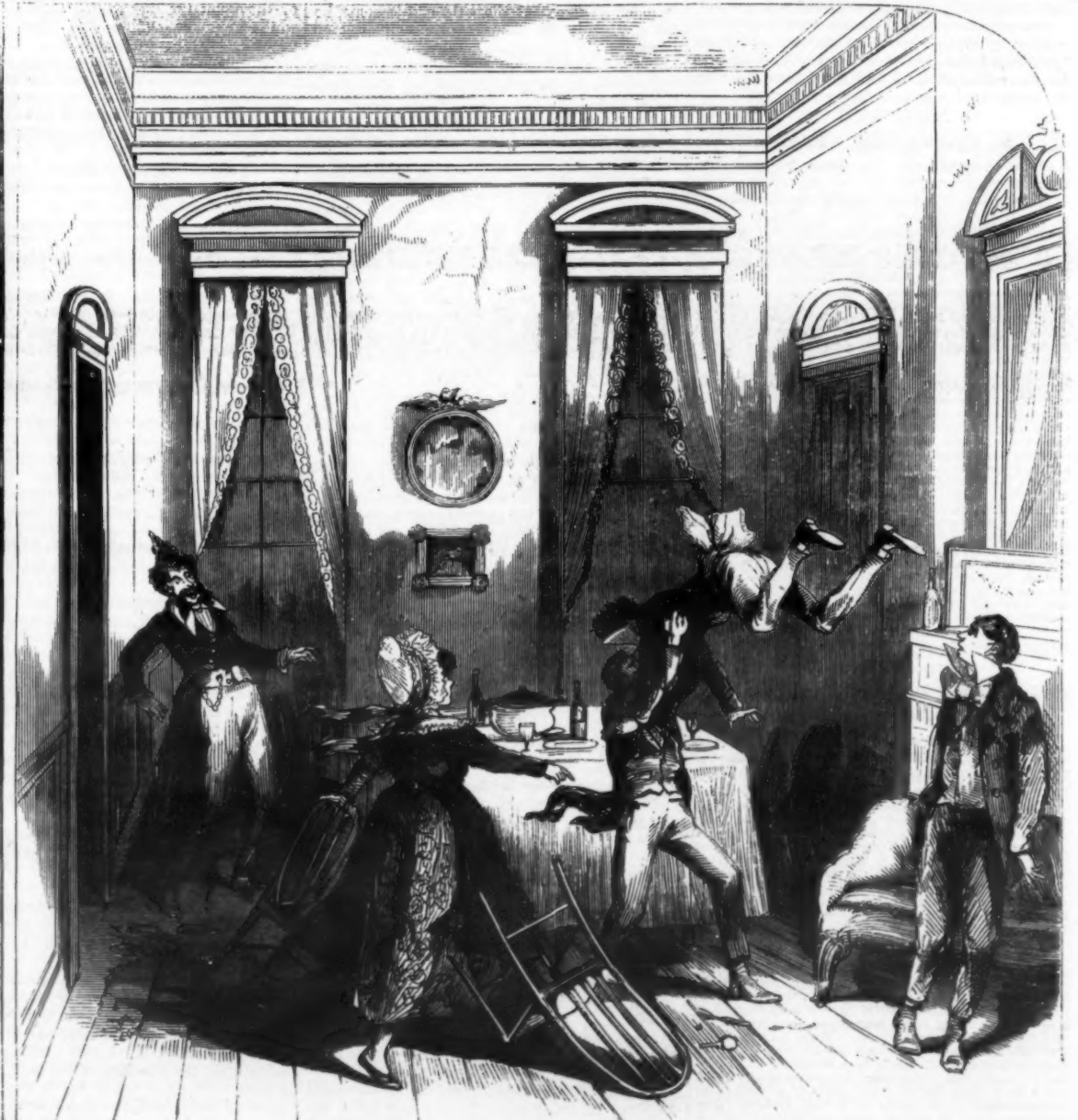
mittee of each political party, who, on presenting his credentials from the State Executive, or the chairman of said committee, shall receive from this department a pass to the headquarters of the corps for which he is designated with tickets, or proxies, when required by State laws, which may be placed by him in the hands of such person or persons as he may select for distribution among officers and soldiers.

"2d—Civilian inspectors of each political party, not to

exceed one for each brigade, may in like manner be designated, who shall receive passes on application to the Adjutant-General, to be present on the day of election, to see that the elections are fairly conducted.

"3d—No political speeches, harangues or canvassing among the troops will be permitted.

"4th—Commanding officers are enjoined to take such measures as may be essential to secure freedom and fairness in the elections, and that they be conducted



SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY OF MARTIN CHURLEWIT AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, NEW YORK—FINALE OF THE SUPPER AT MRS. TODGES'S HOUSE.





GRANT'S CAMPAIGN SOUTH OF THE JAMES—REINFORCEMENTS FOR GEN. WARREN ARRIVING AT THE TERMINUS OF GRANT'S RAILROAD NEAR THE WELDON ROAD, TWO MILES AND A HALF FROM THE RECENTLY CAPTURED WORKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

with due regard to good order and military discipline.

"5th—Any officer or private who may wantonly destroy tickets or prevent their proper distribution among the legal voters, interfere with the freedom of the election, or make any false or fraudulent return, will be deemed guilty of an offense against good order and military discipline, and be punished by a summary dismissal or court martial."

Our Artist sketches a new scene in camp—A group of soldiers, reading and commenting on the election posters stuck up, and now for the first time bringing the polls to them, as they could not go to the polls.

#### Dealing Out the Liquor Ration.

The work in the trenches, which is so constant and unremitting, and on which so much depends, could hardly be carried on without giving the soldiers some stimulant. We give a sketch of the dealing out what is deemed a safe ration to the brave men who so readily do their part in this toilsome and uninspiring work. The effort to dispense entirely with liquor, in the damp and unhealthy districts where an army is too frequently obliged to operate, has but increased the amount of sickness, and Government, taught by experience, acts with moderation and wisdom.

#### SCENE IN MARTIN CHUZLEWIT,

At the Olympic Theatre, N. Y.

The new dramatic rendering of Martin Chuzzlewit which has met with such success at Mrs. Wood's Olympic Theatre has some scenes so irresistibly ludicrous that we give our readers an illustration. Pecksniff, that creation of Dickens which has become the type of hypocrites, has exposed himself in the



AUSTRIAN MILITARY BAND ON THE MARCH.

dinner at Todgers's by a little too free indulgence, and the united efforts of the boarders have carried the sufferer from "chronic" disorder to his room. His reappearance at the head of the stairs, his address to Mrs. Todgers, revealing another vice in his character, are followed by the sudden descent which we see depicted.

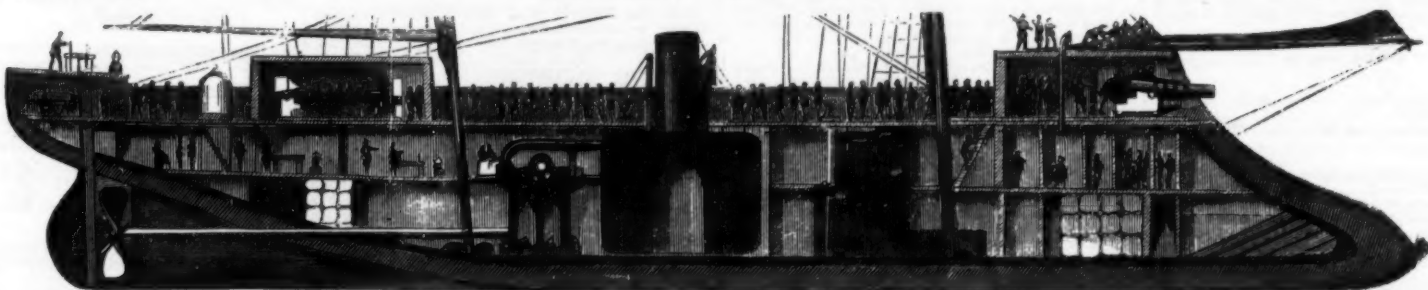
No description can, however, give our readers the convulsing merriment which is ever excited by this scene when rendered as it is at Mrs. Wood's Theatre.

#### AN AUSTRIAN MILITARY BAND ON THE MARCH.

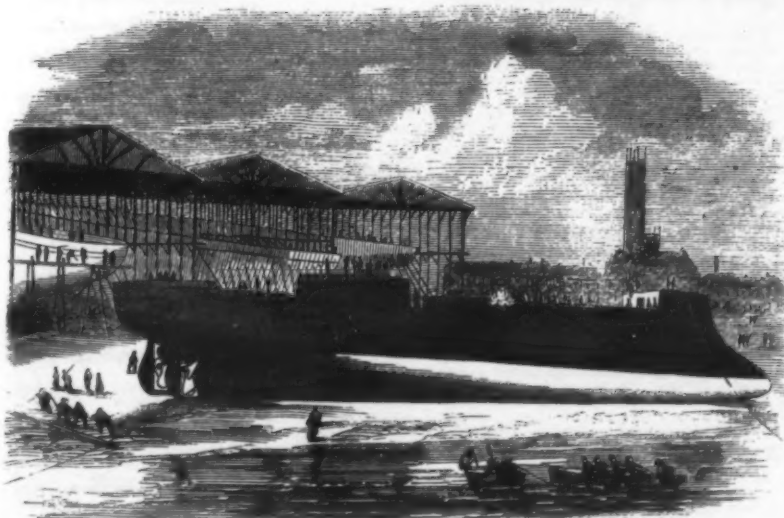
An Austrian drummer, if this French illustration may be taken as a pure and truthful portraiture of nature, takes life easily. While the soldier toils along under his load of musket, knapsack, haversack and what not, our drummer does not pretend to carry either drum or drumstick. He has a little sled or car drawn by a dog, on which he places the musical instrument confided to his care by the State, and even makes his beast of burden carry the drumsticks. All goes bravely on till some other dog picks a quarrel with the one thus honorably employed in the state service, and drums must occasionally suffer in the war that ensues.

ROYAL EXAMPLE IN ECONOMY.—Queen Elizabeth of York, the wife of Henry VII., though she paid the board of her married sisters to their husbands, and furnished her maids-of-honor with gambling money, practised the personal economy of having her own dresses turned and mended. Henry VII. was the English king to whom Columbus applied for aid in his great adventure.

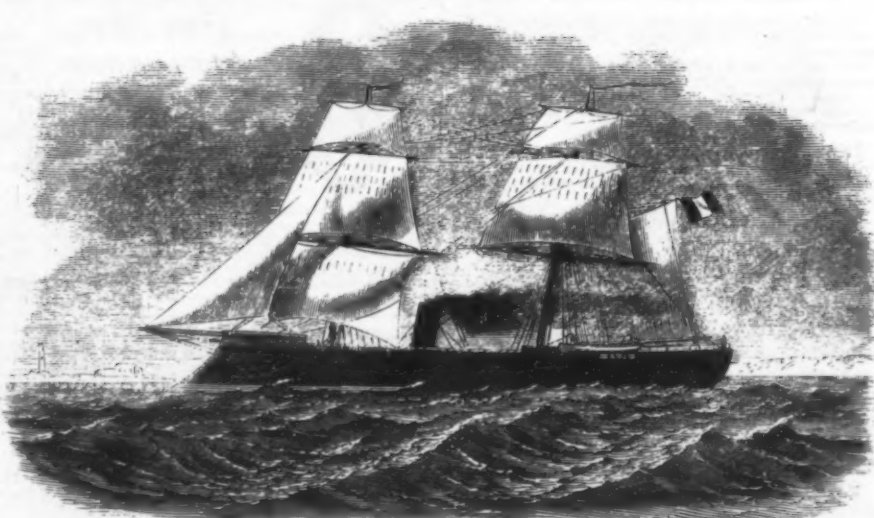
Young lady, get your lover upon his knees, but don't let him get you upon them.



THE FRENCH IRONCLAD—SECTION SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW FRENCH RAM THE SPHYNX.



Before Launching.



Complete for Service.

THE FRENCH IRONCLAD—THE NEW FRENCH RAM THE SPHYNX.



## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FANCIER excuse put forth by persons asked to sing is the declaration that they would be delighted if they could remember the words. As words, in the present style of singing, really matter very little, we give the following verses as a sample of the kind of thing that may be sung by people with short memories:

Oh, if I had lumpy tum lumpy tum too,  
In the land of the olive and fig,  
I would sing of the lumpy tum tum to you,  
And play on the thingummy-jig.

And if in the lumpy tum battle I fall,  
A lumpy tum's all that I crave—  
Oh, hurry me deep in the whatyoumay call,  
And plant thingumbobs over my grave.

In case this should be too great an effort for the memory, we have dashed off the succeeding trifle, in which, by a clear and loud delivery of the ends of these lines, the hearer will imagine he knows what he is about:

Dumty, dumty, dumty love,  
Dumty, diddy, heart,  
Dumty, dumty, dumty prove,  
Dumty, diddy, part.

Dumty, dumty, dumty, meet,  
Dumty, diddy, coy,  
Dumty, dumty, dumty, greet,  
Dumty, diddy, joy.

AN INQUIRING MIND.—Professor Gunning, the lecturer on geology, was interesting the primary scholars of one of our city schools recently, by showing with blackboard and chalk how the bee was made. He had finished it by putting in the sting, when a little fellow, who had been watching the process most closely, spoke up:

"Mr. Dunnen?"  
"What, my boy?"  
"Didn't I do make the bee?"  
"Yes, certainly. God made the bee."  
The little fellow was silent a minute, when he spoke up again:  
"Mr. Dunnen?"  
"Well, what now, my son?"  
"I was tinkin'," said the young philosopher, "how God could put the sting into the bee without ditting his fingers stung before he let it do."  
That child ought to be encouraged.

CONSIDER THE RISK!—Sam is our steward; and not content with being the prince of stewards, he occasionally does a stroke of business in the money-lending way among the men. The other day one of the men on the sick-list borrowed some money of Sam, which coming to the ear of the officers, some of them took him to task about it.

"Sam," said the skipper, "how much interest do you charge?"

"Not much, sir," said Sam.

"Well, how much?—20 per cent.?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir."

"Fifteen?"

"No, indeed, sir."

"Ten?"

"No, no."

"Well, five, then?"

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed Sam, in holy horror, "do you take me for a Skyrack?" (Skylock, he probably meant.)

"Well, then, how much do you charge?" asked the skipper.

"Well, sir, I tell you; I let him have five pounds for three days, and I only charge him two pounds ten to interest."

"Sam, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the skipper, "you are a Skyrack!"

"But think of the risk, sir," said Sam, in extenuation; "think of the risk. Why, the man was in the doctor's hands."

The laugh that followed at the expense of our worthy surgeon may be imagined, not described.

TRUTH AND FICTION.—The Archbishop of Canterbury said one day to Garrison:

"Pray inform me how it is that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your auditory with things imaginary as if they were real, while we of the Church speak of things real which many of our congregation receive as things imaginary."

"Why," replied Garrison, "the reason is plain. We actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real; while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

His grace bowed to the reproach of the actor.

SIMPLE DIVISION.—A Southern planter named P—, pretty well to do in the world now, was, some 30 years ago, a poor boy on the eastern shore of Maryland. One of the strongest and most marked traits of his character was an inordinate love of money.

This, however, is the characteristic of the people in them diggers, where they practise skinning strangers during briak seasons, and skinning one another during dull times.

In the course of time P— was of age, and thought it about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village, and in the course of time was introduced to the daughter of Judge B—.

"Dang fine gal!" said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the idle.

"Very."

"How much might Judge B— be worth?"

"Why, about \$10,000," was the reply.

"How many children has Judge B—?" continued the inquirer.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," mentally ciphered P—.

Here was a chance—a glorious chance—and he improved it too. He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the judge with all his possessions. Strange to say, for he was as uncouth a looking cub as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered, and they were married.

The honeymoon passed off as all other honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and often made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled by some names he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said:

"My dear, I thought there were only three of you?"

"So there are by my ma, but my pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten, no times and nary one over!" said the astonished P—, who jumped up and kicked over the chair, and groaned in perfect agony. "I'm sold, I'm sold! and—a sight cheaper than an old bell-weather sheep at that!"

If an ill-natured reviewer finds a passage that he pretends to think not worth the ink and paper used in publishing it, he is very sure to use as much more in republishing it.

The laws of Connecticut got blue two centuries ago. The lawyers in a good many States have frequently done so ever since.

We are told to weigh our thoughts; most men and women would need a very small pair of scales.

A young lover, even when his love is most prosperous, loses heart!

MANY calumnies are injurious even after refuted. Like the Spanish flies, they sting when alive and blister when dead.

We call our legislators lawgivers, when instead of giving laws they charge heavy wages for making them.

POOR men plant and gather the corn, and rich ones drink the whiskey.

A CRYSTAL-CAT should be a good hunter; she never loses her scent.

## SNAKE STORY.

We extract the following thrilling tale from a volume of adventures recently published in Europe. The hero of the scene is a sailor, who, with his companions, were on an East India island, preparing to leave, but could not finish a sail they were making. He says:

We worked hard, and being bunglers, much of the work had to be done over again three or four times. We were, however, pretty near the end of our job, when adventure befell me, the recollection of which, reproduced in dreams, often makes me start up in bed in a cold sweat of horror. I have seen it told, not quite correctly, in a popular periodical, probably by some one who had heard it directly or indirectly from me. It thus fell out. The sail, a lug sail, did not set well. I, having, or believing I had, more knowledge upon the subject than the others, remained by the boat, whilst my mates returned to the ship, turned in, and made themselves comfortable. I worked on till I had thoroughly wearied myself for the Southern night, with its glorious moon and fields of splendid stars, was brilliant as the day, though cold for the climate, a chill wind having set in immediately after sunset.

This, with the work I was engaged in—cutting and stitching the sail—did not induce warmth, so that I partook more freely than it was my wont to do of the excellent brandy I had provided myself with. At all events, tired, vexed—for I could not so set the sail as to bend it on the ship-shape, and perhaps more than half the sea over (I was not an abstemious man in those days), lay down just under the lee of the boat, took a few pulls at the brandy flask, and dropped off to sleep. Sleep! yes, the sleep of devils! Frightful, horrible dreams oppressed me. I was stifled, crushed with nightmare. That was the impression on my half unconscious mind. At last I fully awoke. Good God! the icy chill which ran through my veins, when I, by brilliant moonlight, discovered the cause of the nightmare which was stifling me.

The fetid, horrible smell of serpents was in my nostrils, and I saw that two cobras, one, the largest I had ever seen, were lying on my breast—where they had no doubt crept for warmth—tucked together, and, being quite motionless, were, I judged, asleep. To stir, to awake them, was certain death. In less than an hour, if I was bitten even so slightly, I should be a mass of corruption. Paralyzed, fainting with fear, I lay perfectly still, but feeling that the dreadful suspense could not be long endured, and I must soon start up and cast off the horrible reptiles at any risk. They were evidently asleep, and might be flung at a distance before being able to make use of their fatal fangs.

But, merciful God! they begin to stir—to wriggle from each other. I lost it!

Hal! is that the snapping, chirping bark of our pet mongooose (ichneumon) which alarms the reptiles? Let me explain.

The mongooose is the natural enemy of snakes, and in a combat with one is sure to be the victor. The bite of the snake produces but a momentary effect upon the little animal—appears to make it giddy for a few moments, when it seems to recover itself by eating herbs growing among the grass. This, however, is a disputed point. However it may be, the mongooose swiftly returns to the attack, and the snake, as I was told, is invariably killed.

The island furnished ichneumons almost as plentifully as snakes. Lafrance and Dupont managed to tame and domesticate three of them—not a very difficult task—knowing that not one of the serpent tribe will approach where they are or have been recently, no more than a cochoroach will venture out of its hole in a kitchen where a hedgehog keeps watch and ward. Our ichneumons were special pets of mine, and were then, scenting the serpents and missing me and the evening meal I always provided for them, coming to the rescue.

Yes, by heaven! the quick ears of the serpents have recognized the rapid approach of the dreaded mongooose; their horrid snake glances glow with fear and rage; their hoods dilate as they untwist themselves, glide off in the hope of escape; but, finding that impossible, turn to fight. The ichneumons desire nothing better. They spring upon the serpents, bite them on the back part of the head, and carry on the battle, of which I am a delighted spectator, with a spirit, a cheerful, chirrupy vigor, which is, I feel, though I never actually witnessed such a combat before, a sure augury of success. The battle is not a protracted one; the snakes are dead, and my pets running about and leaping up as we appear to know they have rescued me from death, and will have in reward an even more plentiful supper than usual. They are not mistaken. Our friends and my fellows were painfully excited by the incident which had, however, so happily terminated, and for my part, I was not myself again for several days. I never slept in the open air again.

A SMOKING AUTOMATON.—Many men smoke mechanically, but we never heard of one before smoking by machinery, other than that furnished by nature. The Salem Gazette says: "Mr. Thomas B. Russell, an ingenious machinist, of this city, has exhibited to some of his friends a curious piece of mechanism, which is now at his residence, No. 324 Essex street. It consists of the figure of a man, seated in a common chair, and holding a cigar in his mouth. By winding up a weight, and thus setting in motion an ingenious piece of machinery, the cigar, when lighted, and also the mouth of the figure, are made, at regular intervals, to emit a steady stream of smoke, interspersed with puffs, that a professional smoker could not excel. By this process a cigar will be smoked up as quickly and naturally as a living man could do it. The machinery by which the result is accomplished consists of a series of wheels, not unlike those by which a clock is made to strike. Rubber tubes or pipes are conveyed from the mouth of the figure to bellows, which are slowly worked. Two valves, nicely adjusted, regulate the drawing in and emission of the smoke."

MANY a man is "blackballed" by those who are scarcely fit to perform that operation upon his boots.

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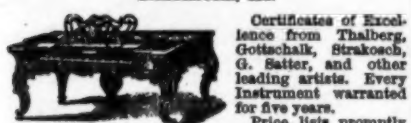
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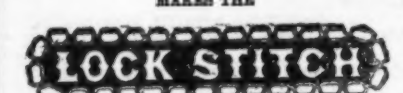
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